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The SPHERE, London, November 21, 1959

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THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA—LORD DUNROSSIL AND HIS WIFE IN THEIR GLOUCESTERSHIRE HOME: The picture was taken after the announcement last week that Viscount Dunrossil, who as Mr. W. S. Morrison was Speaker of the House of Commons for eight years until the end of the last Parliament, is to succeed Sir William Slim as Governor-General of Australia. The new Governor-General, who is aged sixty-six, will leave at the end of next month to take up his appointment.

William Shepherd Morrison, who won the M.C. in the First World War and is a barrister by profession, was a familiar figure in the House of Commons for thirty years. Conservative M.P. for Cirencester and Tewkesbury from 1929, he held a number of Ministerial posts, including Financial Secretary to the Treasury, 1935-36; Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries, 1936-39; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 1939-40; Minister of Food, 1939-40; Postmaster-General, 1940-43; and Minister of Town and Country Planning, 1943-45. In 1951 he was elected Speaker of the House of Commons. He announced his retirement, on medical advice, before the end of the last Parliament, but added that according to his doctors he was "as sound in wind and limb as a man of my age has any right to expect." As is customary with a retiring Speaker, a viscountcy was bestowed upon Mr. Morrison at the request of the new Commons. His appointment as Governor-General led to criticism from the Opposition in Canberra because an Australian had not been appointed. In Westminster the Labour Party used the appointment to raise the question of ex-Ministers' and ex-M.P.s' pensions.

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A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

Mr. K. as a Dove—For the past weeks Mr. Khrushchev has been roaring us as gently as any sucking dove. The sabre rusts in its sheath, the olive branch is grey-green in his lips. If he can hold it till the spring, why should we not hope for real progress towards world peace and disarmament? It is true that already he has held the pose a record time for him. It is true of all dictators that their spoken words do not always mirror their thoughts and plans. But civilisation always welcomes a *mi-carème* of civility, and, after all, even with dictators, habits become boring and there can remain on this earth to-day only a minority which is not sick to death of cold war and revolution, H-bombs and vituperation. Mr. K. has more than once said recently that no rivalry to-day exists between U.S.A. and U.S.S.R., save the reasonable rivalry of trade, and in a few years' time he is confident that Russia will be as great a power in trade as in international politics. How ardently we wish to believe that the role of dove will provide Mr. K. with his longest run on the stage, exceeding *Charley's Aunt* and *Chu Chin Chow*, and that his "*Salad Days*" will see him out. Whether his American tour did in truth teach him something about the working of democracy and the innocence of freedom-loving, or whether the laws of nature have merely re-established that all children grow tired of, and grow out of, playing with lead soldiers, this change to a more friendly and reasonable role is important and welcome, if it will but last to the Summit and beyond. Mr. K. is helping to maintain Summit momentum.

Remembrance Day—In the Albert Hall, at the Cenotaph and on village greens, Remembrance Sunday year after year is movingly celebrated and, I think, with nearly all the reverence and sentiments of the first Remembrance Day. Wherever I celebrate it, it brings back to me vividly the thankfulness which I felt when I experienced that first release from horror at Ath, in Belgium, in 1918. Since then there have been forty such Remembrance Days, and perhaps the first of them was the most satisfying. For it carried with it no recriminations, no bitter thoughts of the might-have-been, no hideous reflection on the senseless carnage of young lives and on the frailties of world-leadership which led the young as sheep to the slaughter. Since that misty, glorious day in November 1918, there have been another world war and many minor wars. Since that day, too, political and Service chiefs have published their memoirs, and the archives have revealed errors of judgment and failures of Governments more terrible than the inevitable errors of generals. The revelations of these archives have been in our minds in most recent celebrations and cannot but embitter the festival with realisation of the uselessness of so much of the sacrifice of youth and courage. At the first we remembered our dead and their courage. To-day we cannot but share those memories with bitter thoughts of the crass failures which mingle with the fine achievements of Western Governments. Elsewhere (as a single instance) I have reviewed Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick's *Inner Circle*. Who can read that story of Britain's perhaps greatest humiliation and not carry the thought of it to embitter his memories at the next Remembrance celebration?

A NEW VIEW OF WESTMINSTER: Demolition is in progress off Victoria Street as part of a road improvements and new buildings scheme in the area. In the left background are the twin towers of Westminster Abbey, with Big Ben behind to the left. Centre background is Victoria Tower, which is part of the Palace of Westminster (the Houses of Parliament).

Birch and Bench—I find it ever more difficult to understand the indifferent attention Home Secretaries sometimes pay to those most experienced in the working of the penal code. That Parliament must be responsible for framing those laws and the judicature for administering them loyally is incontestible, but in framing them, Parliament fails in its duty to society if it neglects the advice of those with the most practical experience of criminals and of the efficacy of punishment. And that advice in past years, Home Secretaries and Parliament have tended to disregard. It is certainly part of the duty of a Lord Chief Justice to offer guidance, for example, to the Magistrates' Association and to open his mind to them concerning the alarming increase in crimes of violence; and the Home Secretary has not denied that in his private capacity a Lord Chief Justice has all the rights of any other citizen to air his views on the laws in force in the land. Yet, clearly enough, some of the *dicta* and *obiter dicta* dropped from the Bench or on other occasions, have irritated Mr. Butler. Rightly or wrongly, this gives the impression that Mr. Butler has himself unalterable views on the question of, say, corporal punishment as a deterrent which no new situation or arguments can move, an obstinacy which is held by many Members of Parliament and citizens generally. But Mr. Butler, an outstandingly upright man, would be the first to admit that a personal opinion must always give way to public interests whenever evidence and the best experience convincingly point to a reform or to a reversion to former practice. That stage may not yet have been reached. Whether it has or no, it would be a pity if the public formed the opinion (for which there is no justification) that the responsible Minister was not to be diverted from a personal opinion by overwhelming evidence contradicting his own views.

AN INVESTITURE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: Miss Athene Seyler, the actress, who received the O.B.E., is seen with Mr. Nicholas Hannen after the investiture held by the Duke of Edinburgh on behalf of the Queen.

"I Was Playing Golf That Day...."—The first and inevitable corrections are rolling in concerning Alanbrooke's *Victory in the West*. As I often remark, there is no such thing as a definitive history or biography or memoir unless half a century has elapsed before publication to enable all available evidence of the truth to be made public. In his diary references to the Battle of the Bulge, Alanbrooke wrote down "General Eisenhower was on the golf links at Rheims—entirely detached and taking practically no part in running the war." Two comments on that: we have been brought up to believe that the perfect general, having given his final orders and completed his plan to the last detail, is well advised to "go fishing." Secondly, this passage is one of many which reveals Alanbrooke at the end of his tether with overwork and lack of sleep, scrawling a petulant note for his wife's eye. The charge has been fiercely denied from the White House. The President had not a golf club in his hand between June 1944 and May 1945. (Alanbrooke did not actually say that Ike was *playing* golf at Rheims.) The quoted passage, of course, does not improve Anglo-American relations. It is doubtful if it contributes a vital fact to the history of the Second World War. There is plenty of other evidence besides petulant stings and flings to show how utterly worn out in mind and body the C.I.G.S. became day after day in those years, and I believe that *Victory in the West* would have been as valuable a book and perhaps more attractive if Sir Arthur Bryant had more rigorously rationed such sensational petulances of an overwrought man. But, whether or no Ike played golf that day, I record *obiter* my opinion that he is playing cricket now. I take off my hat to him in homage for his decision, after his medical check-up, to endure the rigours of a journey across half the earth's surface to prepare himself for the essential part he must play in conciliation at coming vital conferences. He, too, is vitally stimulating "Summit momentum."

Roy Thomson—I liked what I saw and heard of the face and notions of Mr. Roy Thomson, who is gradually absorbing so many of our national Sunday and provincial newspapers. It was my first sight of him and my first information about his plans and policy, and he came across very well in *Panorama*. He made it clear that he means to be a proprietor popular with his Editors. He intends to impose neither on them nor on his readers his own personal theories and prejudices. His views on democracy seemed sound. Newspapers should endeavour to educate but not direct the public. They can best do that by a really impartial reporting of news, setting out fairly and side-by-side the opinions of both sides in controversial matters. All men should be left free to adopt their own views, but not to "go to the devil their own way." Accordingly, what is of good report should be preferred to slush and sensation. Beyond that, there should be no direction or suggestion. To achieve the end

DEVELOPMENT IN WEST LONDON: The large area of shops, offices and other buildings which are being demolished is at the west end of Victoria Street. The large building in the right background is Buckingham Palace, with its gardens stretching to the left. The Victoria Street site is being cleared for new buildings and road improvements. Included in the development projects are a 200-ft.-high office block, a four-storey garage and two tall residential blocks. There will also be a two-storey building to be used as shops and offices.

of balanced and impartial reporting of news and opinions, Mr. Thomson made it clear that he intends in good time to convert some of the newspapers in his group to interpreting the views of Labour; and the Socialists must welcome that clear announcement in all conscience. Mr. Thomson is not a man to rush into new stunts. It will be, for some time to come, an absorbing interest for many of us to watch the process of the change of sex and political colour of some newspaper long known to us. Perhaps the change will be so gradual that we shall never notice the *fait accompli*; and that may mean that our education has been successfully accomplished.

London Library—Probably no decision was taken so regretfully as that by the Court of Appeal dismissing the library's appeal to be exempt from rating. But the construction of the London Library's charter was, in a legal sense, conclusive to the three judges that the library was not "instituted *exclusively* for the purposes of literature" and therefore entitled to exemption from rates under the Scientific Societies Act. The court held also that another condition of exemption was not fulfilled—"support in whole or part by voluntary contributions." Its benefits are confined to members who cannot assign their rights and when members take out books, they may use them for other purposes than the dissemination of knowledge and wisdom to the general public. There is nothing to prevent a member from piling the books he takes out on the floor and putting a coffee tray on them or from deriving individual enjoyment from a Victorian novel. As the Law stands, these findings are conclusive, and I doubt whether those who have fought so hard for exemption will throw more good and much-needed money away in taking the case to the House of Lords. It is hard on that great library, the source and inspiration of great books year after year, the comfort and counsellor of hundreds of men and women to whom great literature means much. £5,000 a year or more, and heavy costs, are a terrible drain on its dwindling resources, sadly depleted by reparations of war damage. The next step seems to be to secure amendment of the Charter or amendment of the Act. It is unthinkable that that magic door in St. James's Square should close from lack of funds.

MR. BUTLER AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY: The Home Secretary walks with Lord Boyd Orr, in his robes as the Chancellor of the University. They had just come from a ceremony in which Mr. Butler received from the Chancellor the honorary degree of Doctor of Law.

Sunday Sensation: M 1—The London-Birmingham Motorway stole the show for a Sunday sensation at the first opportunity. The Crathie Kirk peep-show is out. On the roadway itself every form of authorised vehicle swelled the traffic to Bank Holiday proportions and every parapet and viewpoint was thronged with spectators as for a lethal bullfight. What came they out for to see? Accidents, sensations, reckless speeds and adroit disengagements from death? We are a sensation-loving race and have no distaste for the morbid. We like executions. Of course, some of the sightseers scouted the rules of the road. They picnicked where they shouldn't, and threw cartons down from the bridges on passing traffic. Those who drove for pleasure sometimes hugged the crown of the road and halted on the "hard shoulder" or at exit roads. But, by and large, M 1 was equal to the occasion. If the pace along the middle lane was slowed down and the fast lane kept too busy, 5,000 vehicles an hour were able to move reasonably quickly without traffic-jams. On no other road in Britain is that possible to-day. Those who got in first in establishing filling stations on the route coined money. They could not cope with the demands, and the queues exceeded the length of the queue lanes. There were many breakdowns; the day's fun burned petrol and strained engines. But it may be that a few more such "sensation Sundays" will exhaust M 1 as an attraction, teach hundreds of motorists road sense and for some months to come leave M 1 capable of coping with normal and even abnormal traffic.

Living Space—No doubt the miseries which result from overpopulation and the constant need to prepare for defence against war do not fall upon our island so heavily and so instantly as they fall on other nations. But they are bad enough. Every week we have evidence of how our vital national needs are handicapped by jostling. Take a few of them as examples—education, defence, roads, productive farming. Millions of acres of farmland have been filched for new roads, aerodromes, housing. Our children are being schooled sometimes on the confines of aerodromes where the noise drowns the teacher's voice and distracts the pupils. New roads isolate and transform the way of life in old towns as they create new towns and new traffic problems. Noise has become a headache for the doctors as well as for their patients. Building and land cannot keep up with the needs of hospitals, houses and classrooms. Death and maiming on the roads increase as new roads are supplied. Over-population has already made a nonsense of holidays and healthy recreations and seriously reduced our heritage of beauty. Where and when will it end in check-mate? The tempo of providing for these and other vital national needs is being once again stepped up, and there is not space to fit them all into a decent and healthy existence for 50,000,000 people. Since we certainly need education and the means to live healthy, decent lives more than most things, it seems to me that success at the Summit Conferences and progress in inculcating the sensible ideas of Malthus are among the most urgent duties of world statesmen.

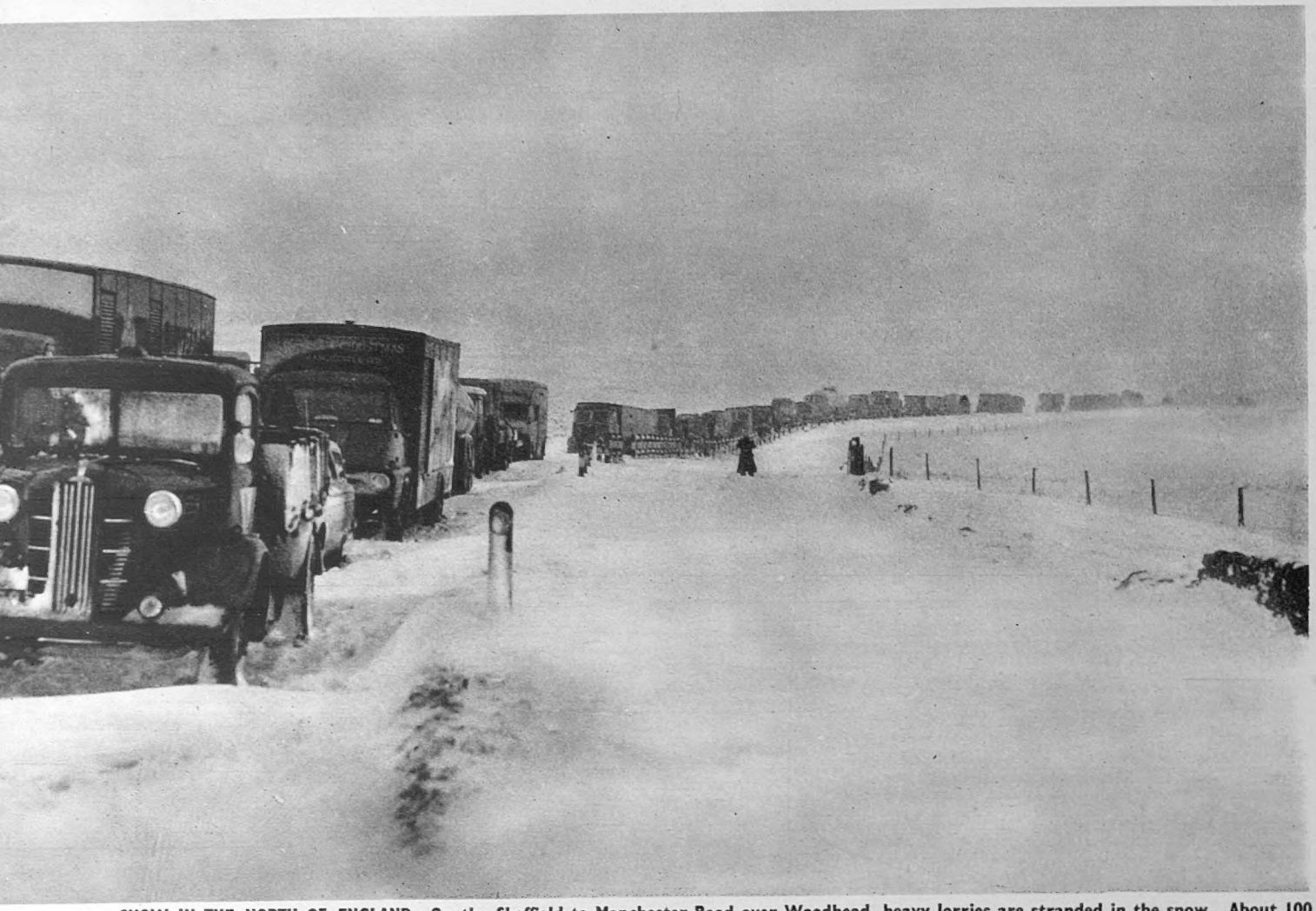
THE OLD STAGER

WINTER WEATHER

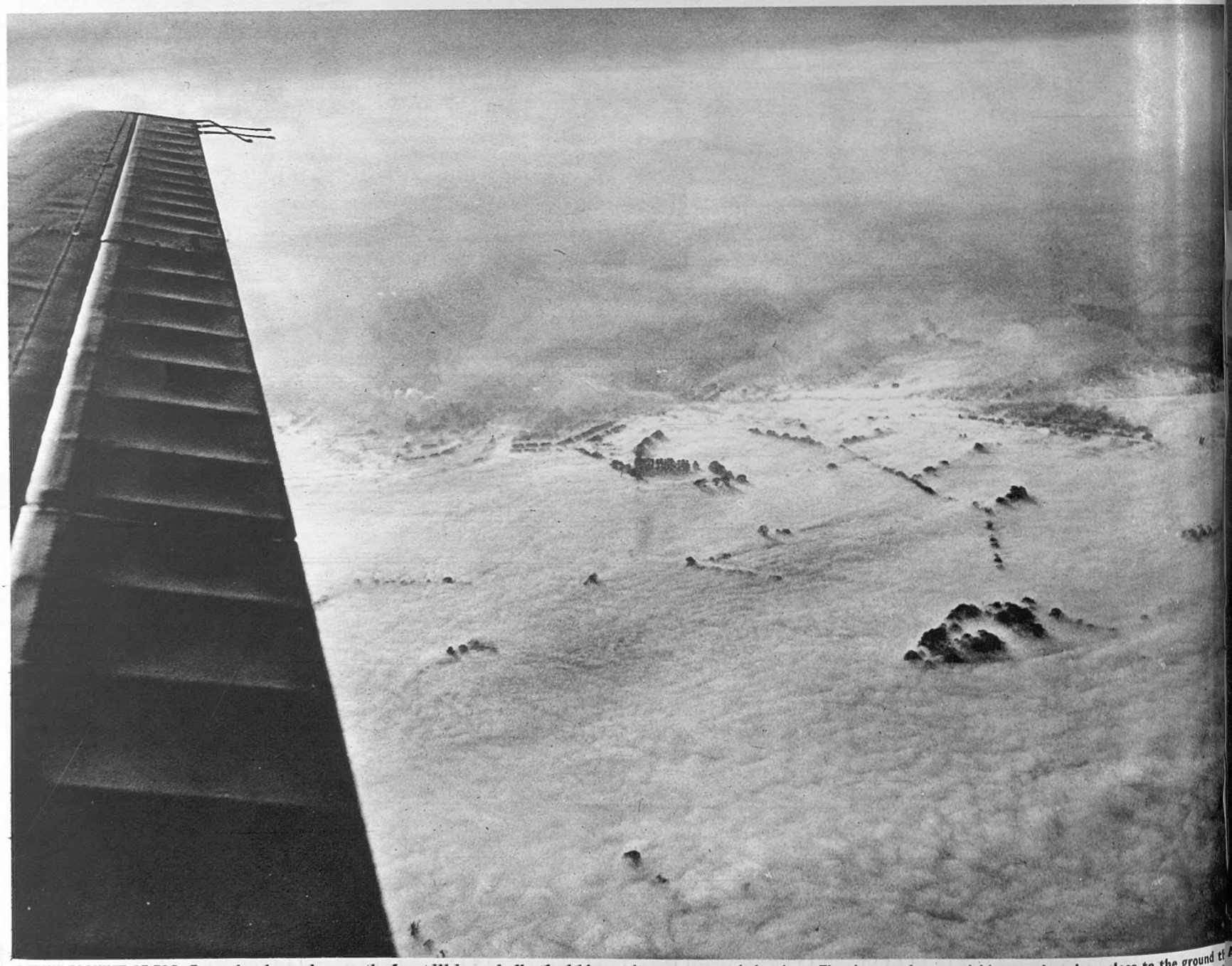
Fog, Snow and Gales over the British Isles

Britain last week suffered extreme weather conditions. Heavy frost and snow made roads dangerous, and in some cases impassable, in the north of England. In Scotland there was 3 ins. of snow on Rest and Be Thankful, in Argyllshire. On the Thursday, fog covered 25 counties in England and road and rail transport was seriously disrupted. The fog blanket stretched from Portsmouth through the Home Counties and the East Midlands to the Yorkshire-Durham border and across the centre of England to the Welsh border. Over 60,000 miles of roads were affected. There were two train crashes, in one of which thirteen people were injured at East Ham station.

In the South of England, on the Friday night, gales reached record force. At the Lizard, 104 m.p.h. was recorded, the highest since 1935. Six ships were reported to be in distress, and radio monitors from The Hague stated that wireless signals from ships in danger were jamming each other. At one time it was feared that the lifeboat from Appledore, in North Devon, was lost after she had gone out to aid the Polish ship *Gliwice*, drifting near the coast west of Newquay. Later both ships reached a sheltered anchorage at Lundy Roads.



SNOW IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND: On the Sheffield to Manchester Road over Woodhead, heavy lorries are stranded in the snow. About 100 vehicles were held up. Snow-ploughs went out on two successive days last week to clear the snow which covered much of the North of England and roads made dangerous by black ice. In parts of Scotland, the roads were reported to have remained frozen over for several days.



A THIN BLANKET OF FOG: From the air can be seen the fog at Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, as it moves towards London. The clumps of trees sticking up show how close to the ground th A fog kept. Last week, twenty-five counties were affected by the most widespread fog of the winter so far. Traffic was seriously disrupted and vehicles were abandoned. No ai craft were able to take-off from London Airport on Thursday night; during the day visibility had been down to ten yards and most aircraft had been diverted to Gatwick

GALES OFF THE COASTS OF BRITAIN: Covered in spray, a herring drifter comes into harbour at Great Yarmouth. At the end of last week a gale reached 104 m.p.h. off the Lizard, the highest recorded since weather reports were begun there in 1935. Ships were reported to be in distress off much of the southern coast of England in very heavy seas.

TRAIN CRASH IN THE FOG: At East Ham station, London, chains are used to lift a carriage of the 12.25 p.m. train from Fenchurch Street. Left is part of the noon train to Southend. This was delayed in the station by fog and the 12.25 ran into the back of it. Thirteen people were injured. Fenchurch Street station was closed until the line was cleared.

A STORMY SCENE: At Great Yarmouth, gale warnings are hoisted on the pier. During the storm last week, fishing from Great Yarmouth harbour had to be abandoned.

THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON: Drawn by its six greys—Time and Tide, Xerxes and Artaxerxes, Might and Sailor—the Lord Mayor's coach passes down Ludgate Hill on its way to the Law Courts, in the Strand. In the background is St. Paul's Cathedral. *Right*—Sir Edmund Stockdale, the new Lord Mayor of London, looks from the window of the coach at the start of the drive from the Mansion House. In front of him is the Mace of office. Held on Saturday of last week, the Lord Mayor's Show this year had a rural theme, Sir Edmund Stockdale being a farmer. Between the marching soldiers in the procession were farmers and farmworkers, some of them walking with guns under their arms and dogs at their heels. After the leading military bands came a floral float and then the lorries and tractors with displays of various agricultural activities. There were huntsmen and the blasts from their horns were unusual sounds in the city. Despite the unpleasant weather large crowds lined the streets to watch the show, which was held for the second successive year on a Saturday. In the past the show was traditionally held on November 9, but on weekdays this led to some of the worst traffic congestion of the year. Last Saturday there was some dislocation, but it was not nearly so serious as in former years. Another departure from tradition this year was the Lord Mayor's Banquet. Normally it takes place on the same evening as the Show. This year it was on the following Monday.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

The Annual Procession Through the City of London

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. SELWYN LLOYD IN PARIS: On arrival at the Quai D'Orsay he shakes hands with M. Couve de Murville, the French Foreign Minister. The British Foreign Secretary spent two days in the French capital last week with a view to clearing up differences between Britain and France, especially over the Summit Conference. Mr. Lloyd had conversations with President de Gaulle and M. Debré, the Prime Minister, as well as with M. Couve de Murville, in what was described as "a very cordial atmosphere." This week the Foreign Secretary was expected to take part in the Anglo-German talks due to take place in London with Dr. Adenauer, and a further stage in British pre-Summit diplomacy.

ANTI-CHINESE DEMONSTRATION IN DELHI: A bier bearing the remains of "Chinese Imperialism" is burned outside the Chinese Embassy in the Indian capital by Indian demonstrators. This was one of the many recent protests in India against the Chinese demands and actions on the northern frontiers. However, at the beginning of this week there were hopes of a calmer atmosphere in Sino-Indian relations. In Delhi the Government had studied the last note from Mr. Chou En-lai in which the Chinese Prime Minister proposed a mutual 12½-mile withdrawal from present positions along the border. Mr. Nehru, who celebrated his seventieth birthday last Sunday, was understood to have drafted his reply. This was to be sent immediately to Pekin.

GOING ON HOLIDAY: King Hussein of Jordan (left) embraces his brother, Crown Prince Mohammed, at Amman Military Airport on Tuesday of last week. After strenuous engagements recently, King Hussein was leaving Jordan for a month's holiday in Europe.

On left—

A COMMONWEALTH VISITOR IN PERSIA: The Shah of Persia points out features of interest to General Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan, paying a State visit to Persia. On the left is Senator Anderson of the United States. The party were watching army manœuvres at Talu, which is twelve miles from Teheran. The Shah of Persia had recently returned from a State visit to Jordan.

RIOTS IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: Africans march through a street in Stanleyville, during demonstrations which followed a meeting of the Congo National Movement. Some twenty Africans were killed during the riots. The leader of the Congo National Movement, Mr. Lumumba, had been campaigning for immediate independence. Besides these riots, there has also been fighting in the mandated territories of Ruanda and Urundi, where a state of emergency was declared. During the strife between the ruling Watutsi tribe and the Bahutus, it was estimated that several hundred people had been killed and over 1,000 arrests made.

RIOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA: Troops with an armoured vehicle in the background are on guard at Paarl, near Capetown. They had been called out to quell African riots caused by the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Mafekeng. An African with eleven children, Mrs Mafekeng had lived for thirty years in Paarl. She was a prominent trade unionist and member of the African Congress. Recently the South African Government served her with a banishment order under the Suppression of Communism Act and sent her to live 700 miles away from her home. However, last week she escaped into the British Protectorate of Basutoland.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

COMMEMORATING THE MEN OF THE SUBMARINE SERVICE: Rear-Admiral B. W. Taylor, Flag Officer Submarines, stands bareheaded after laying a wreath at the submarine war memorial on the Thames Embankment. A few minutes earlier he had unveiled a tablet bearing the names of eighty-two submarines lost during the Second World War. The names are in addition to the fifty submarines lost during the 1914-18 War. The service, conducted by the Rev. C. H. Benson, Honorary Chaplain of the Old Comrades' Association, London branch, was attended by survivors as well as relatives of the men lost at sea. A naval guard of honour was provided by H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the submarine headquarters at Gosport.

JEWISH EX-SERVICEMEN AND WOMEN ON PARADE: Admiral of the Fleet Sir Philip Vian, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel L. Maurice Dale, walks past the standard-bearers during the annual remembrance parade of the Association of Jewish Ex-servicemen and Women on Horse Guards Parade. The commemoration takes place each year on the Sunday after Remembrance Day, and includes a religious service, and the laying of wreaths at the Cenotaph.

On right—

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR SIR JACOB EPSTEIN: Above part of the congregation in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, hangs the original cast for the "Majestas," which now dominates the nave of Llandaff Cathedral. The address at the service was given by Canon Mortlock.

On left—

A NEW MARCHING RECORD: At the end of a 110-mile march Lance-Corporal Hammond (left) and Lance-Corporal Lane, both of them Royal Engineers, move down the Bayswater Road, London. The sappers covered 110 miles in 34 hrs. and 47 mins., beating by 100 mins. the record set up by a Marine a week earlier. The Corporals, who had marched from Birmingham, wore army uniform and carried Stirling guns.

THE MANCHESTER NOVEMBER HANDICAP: Operatic Society, ridden by K. Gethin, wins from Ross Sea and Sunrise. The three-year-old carried 8 st. 9 lb. and beat forty-eight rivals, the largest field in a November Handicap. Before the start Operatic Society threw his jockey and galloped riderless for a mile, pursued by his rider in a car, before being caught.

On left—

SITE CLEARANCE IN LONDON: Already breaking in two as it falls, a 120-ft.-high chimney stack crashes to the ground on a site near Victoria Street. In the background is Westminster Cathedral. The stack was one of three, erected forty-seven years ago, belonging to the Stag Brewery. There has been a brewery on the spot for 300 years. The demolition of the stacks is part of a large programme of site clearance which is going on in the area. New buildings are to be erected and road improvements effected. (Further pictures of the demolition work are on pages 302 and 303.)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

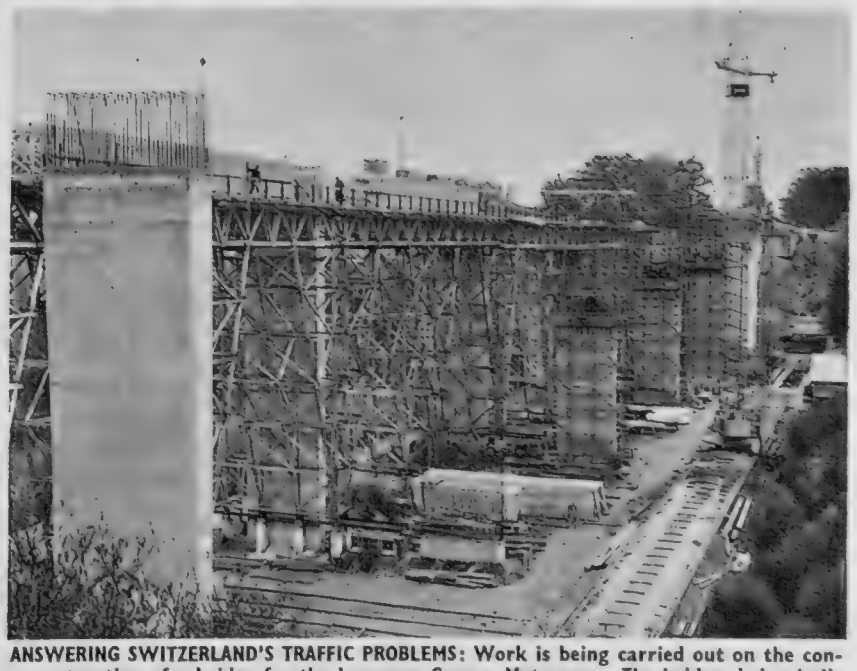
RIOTS IN PANAMA: Two members of the Canal Zone police help a wounded companion away from the zone. It was estimated that about eighty people were injured during several days of anti-American demonstrations. The rioting coincided with the celebration of the fifty-sixth anniversary of Panama's Independence from Colombia. Panamanian nationalists were active in demanding that the U.S. should recognise Panama's sovereignty over the Canal Zone. During the riots, the American flag in front of the U.S. Embassy in Panama was torn down and the Panamanian flag hoisted in its stead. There was an exchange of notes between the U.S. and Panama.

BLAZE ON AN AMERICAN TANKER: With her bows against the 12,572-ton American vessel the *Amoco Virginia*, a fire-boat pours chemical foam on board. The tanker is aground in the Houston ship channel, ten miles from the business quarter of Houston, Texas. It was feared that at least seven members of the ship's crew, including the captain, died in the flames and the explosions. The *Amoco Virginia* had nearly completed loading and had taken on board about 130,000 barrels of inflammable fuels, when the fire started. After a series of explosions, the seams of the tanker opened and she settled on the channel bed so that she could not be moved. Nearly 400 firemen fought to get the flames under control and prevented the fire from reaching high-octane petrol tanks nearby.

On left—

THE AFTERMATH OF A CYCLONE IN MEXICO: At Manzanillo, on the Pacific coast of central Mexico, many of the flimsy houses lie in ruins with their roofs torn off. During the cyclone, winds reached more than 100 m.p.h. and left a trail of devastation behind them. To add to the chaos, the cyclone was followed by torrential rainstorms.

EARLY SNOWS IN SWITZERLAND: The road over the Great St. Bernard Pass, in the Swiss Alps, is being cleared of a fallen tree and piles of snow. The obstruction was caused by an early avalanche, and traffic over the Great St. Bernard was interrupted for some hours. There have been heavy, early snowstorms on ground above 6,000 ft. in Switzerland. The soft snow, thawing quickly on falling, causes avalanches which do not normally occur until after Christmas. They have not, as yet, been serious.



ANSWERING SWITZERLAND'S TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: Work is being carried out on the construction of a bridge for the Lausanne-Geneva Motorway. The bridge, being built at a cost of about £250,000 has a length of 827 ft., a width of 72 ft., and rises 75 ft. above the ground. Approximately 40 miles long, the Lausanne-Geneva Motorway will be the first of its kind in Switzerland. It has been given priority in the Swiss road-building programme and is scheduled to be opened to traffic in 1964.

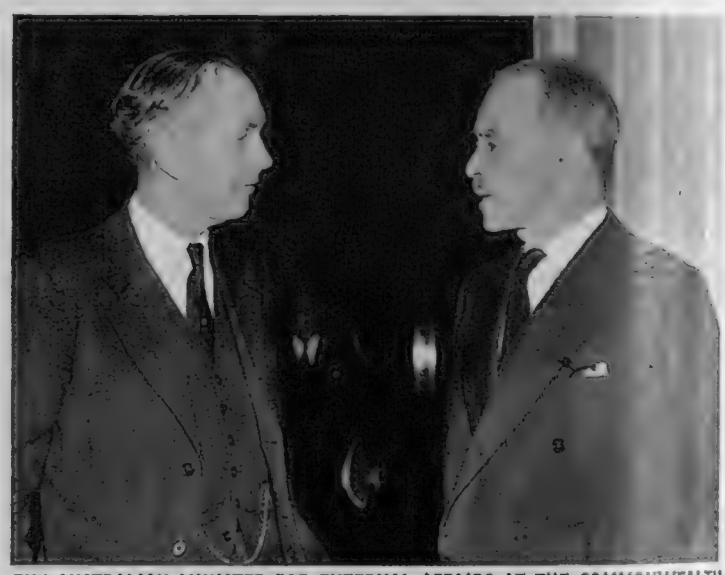
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE COMMONWEALTH PARLIAMENTARY CONFERENCE IN CANBERRA: Sir William Slim, the Governor-General of Australia, speaks from the Speaker's chair in the House of Representatives in the Federal capital. Standing on left of the Chair is Mr. M. A. Ayangar, the Speaker of the Lower House of the Indian Parliament, who retired as Chairman of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association. Over 120 delegates were present. Among the United Kingdom representatives was Lord Mills, the Paymaster-General. The conference lasted throughout last week and the agenda included discussions on the under-developed countries. Delegates urged the need for more aid from richer to poorer countries.

A POPULAR VISITOR TO AUSTRALIA: Tunku Abdul Rahman, the Prime Minister of the Federation of Malaya, acknowledges the cheers of Malayan students on his arrival at Essendon airport, in Melbourne. With him is Mr. Fraser, the Minister for Forests and State Development in the Government of Victoria. During his visit to Australia, which was due to end last Sunday (November 15), the Tunku earned widespread popularity. In Canberra he had talks with Cabinet Ministers and was the guest of honour at a luncheon in Parliament House.

On right—

THE PRESIDENT OF GUINEA IN BRITAIN: On his arrival for a five-day visit, M. Sekou Touré is welcomed at London Airport by Mr. Macmillan. Among those accompanying the President was the Guinea Minister of Economic Affairs. This was taken to mean that possible financial and economic aid to Guinea would be a subject of talks in Whitehall between the Ministers of Britain and Guinea.



THE AUSTRALIAN MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS AT THE COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS OFFICE IN WHITEHALL: Mr. Casey (left) talks with Lord Home, the Minister for Commonwealth Relations. This was one of the many engagements which the Australian Minister for External Affairs carried out during his brief visit to London last week. Mr. Casey was on his way home from America, where he had attended the United Nations General Assembly, the Australian-New Zealand-United States Council of Ministers in Washington and the twelve-nation conference on the future of Antarctica.

A VITAL AGREEMENT BETWEEN SUDAN AND THE UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC: Talaat Farid (centre), the leader of the Sudanese delegation, and Zakaria Mohieddin, chief of the United Arab Republic delegation, sign the Agreement by which their two countries will share the waters of the Nile. The clauses define the amount of water which will be available to each country after the Aswan High Dam has been completed. Construction of the dam is to begin next month. Egypt undertakes financial compensation to Sudan for certain areas which will be flooded in the building of the project.

A LAOTIAN-SOUTH VIETNAM EXCHANGE OF VIEWS: In Saigon, capital of South Vietnam, Prince Boun Oun da Champassak, Inspector-General of Political Affairs in Laos, talks with President Ngo dinh Diem, of South Vietnam. The Prince was leading a Laotian delegation to the celebrations of the anniversary of the South Vietnamese Constitution Day. Laos was also in the news recently after the publication of the report of the U.N. Committee which found that charges made by the Laotian Government of "aggression" by Communist North Vietnam were not proved.

World Affairs

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S ROUND TRIP

By JOHN CONNELL

WHEN he sets out on his travels next month President Eisenhower faces a strenuous itinerary: Rome (and an audience with the Pope), a few hours in Ankara, a day in Karachi, five hours in Kabul, several days in Delhi, five-and-a-half hours in Teheran, part of a day in Athens, a brief Mediterranean cruise in the U.S.S. *Des Moines*, the Western Summit Conference in Paris, and stops in Madrid and Rabat on his way home.

How much can he expect or hope to achieve in the course of his nineteen days' absence from Washington? The only two capitals, significantly enough, in which he will spend any length of time are Delhi and Paris. It is difficult not to suspect that, on the President's map of the world, as contemplated from the standpoint of American global strategy and diplomacy, round each of these cities there is a little red chinagraph ring with a question-mark alongside it.

His other halts will obviously give him the opportunity of making new contacts and freshening up old ones; but in Paris and in Delhi he will have to exert all his considerable talents as a persuader and negotiator; he needs tangible results and he will have to work very hard indeed to get them. That this should be so is a clear indication of the magnitude of the changes that have come upon the international scene in the past few months. There is a subtle, unpredictable quality about the present pattern of events which is in marked—and, to some extent, refreshing—contrast with the frozen liquidity of the Cold War at its height.

Chinese aggression along and across India's borders has compelled Mr. Nehru to think hard about his country's vulnerability and to ponder the imperfections and the perils of neutralism. President Eisenhower goes to Delhi as a friend, and India is in some need of friends nowadays. Her aloof holier-than-thou attitude of only a few years ago (the Suez crisis evoked its most extreme and most exasperating manifestations) has lost its moral appeal and is, in practical terms, quite impossible. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that there has been a good deal of soreness and strain in relations between India and the United States in recent years. American experience in the matter of Point Four aid has been notably unhappy; the difficulties put in the way of American missionaries (who used to provide a number of rather quaint strongholds of American culture in the sub-continent) have saddened and irritated some estimable and not uninfluential people and organisations; and, on the other side of the ledger, American military and financial assistance to Pakistan has aroused Indian suspicion and resentment.

It is one of the more ironic paradoxes of modern history that since 1947 the British, the imperialists who had to be driven out, have steadily become more and more popular, and have earned an increasing amount of understanding in India, while the Americans, who exerted their influence to get the yoke of imperialism removed, have seen their popularity wane sharply. It will be most interesting to see what President Eisenhower is able to accomplish in the improvement of relations during his stay. Of his own and his country's fundamental goodwill towards India there ought to be no doubt; but the President himself embodies not only American goodwill (which Indians like and desire) but American prejudices about, and ignorance of, India (which Indians greatly dislike).

The President is a very willing and a very rapid learner; and India, in the matter of surface impressions, at any rate, is a remarkably quick teacher. When the results of the visit are likely to make themselves felt will, of course, be at the East-West Summit Conference next year. India could be the crucial test of Communist intentions and aspirations in the immediate future.

For much of the rest of his tour, until he reaches Paris, the President will be moving along the perimeter of the Western defence system, Kabul, Teheran, Ankara and Athens. Afghanistan, Persia and Turkey all have common frontiers with the Soviet Union; between Greece and Russia there is only the Communist satellite State of Bulgaria. All have been acutely conscious of their danger for years, and all have survived, even if at times pretty precariously. In them all the President's presence, however brief and fleeting the hours in which he stays on their soil, must have an element of reassurance. But there are some obvious gaps—or jumps—in Mr. Eisenhower's itinerary. He is not going to a single Arab country except Morocco. He is not going to Israel. These omissions will not pass unnoticed in the Middle East, and implications will be read into them which may considerably surprise both the State Department and the White House.

When he reaches Paris the President will face perhaps his biggest test so far since he assumed control of American diplomacy. The time allotted to the Western Summit Conference is strikingly short, in a very crowded schedule. This is not to say that it need be a merely perfunctory exchange of compliments; but if it is to be (as it ought to be) a rediscovery and a reaffirmation, in the plainest of terms, of Western unity, in preparation for the East-West Summit meeting in the New Year, then there will have to be some hard thinking before and some quick talking during the few days in which the statesmen are together.

Certain basic propositions are worth, it seems to me, a little study. First, Mr. Macmillan came to the conclusion earlier this year, and Mr. Eisenhower (with one or two shades of difference in his thinking) some months later, that now is the time to try to reach some kind of accommodation with the Soviet Union. Mr. Macmillan desires, has done and is still doing all he can, to work out, by patient and protracted negotiation, ways by which East and West can, over a period of years, live together, if not in total amity, at any rate peacefully and with an increasing degree of understanding. It can be said, justly I think, that he has accepted the concept of competitive coexistence.

Mr. Eisenhower, although he has come a long way, has not come that far. He hopes, at most, for a *détente*, for the easing of intolerably strained relations. He would be satisfied with a tacit, live-and-let-live arrangement between the United States and the Soviet Union, and with the rest of the world falling in line behind, taking the pace and thinking in terms of global diplomacy as laid down by these two great Powers.

This idea is, of course, and always has been, right up Mr. Khrushchev's street. It has been the thought underlying many of his backslapping jests, his fruitier, homelier aphorisms. Its appeal in America is no less forcible, though it is expressed in a more outwardly sophisticated fashion. Granted the continuation of American benevolence and of Russian restraint, it could be a way of life. Its fulfilment, however, would demand a degree of ruthlessness on the part of the United States which is profoundly alien to her outlook and her policy. It is, therefore, completely unrealistic.

Because American diplomacy in the years immediately after the end of World War II was, on the whole, sensible and far-sighted, the Western Alliance consists to-day of a number of nations who have regained their economic and material strength and their moral self-confidence. The prospect of being merely part of a sphere of influence has no attraction for them. It goes clean against the grain of history.

It is clear now that General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer have many ideas and aspirations in common, even if there is not—and who could expect it?—complete identity of view between them. They are agreed, for example, on the importance of Europe in any attempts to reach a world-wide settlement; and they are agreed that the process of the re-establishment of Europe's influence and authority is bound to be lengthy. General de Gaulle is not being merely stubborn and obstructive when he seeks to delay an East-West Summit Conference for as long as possible; he is gathering to himself that ally of which all statesmen in our epoch have perpetually been in need—time.

There is patriotism, there is sagacity and there is a remarkable consistency in his attitude. As long ago as the Middle East crisis last year, when there were clamorous demands for an immediate Summit Conference (with the Kremlin leading the chorus), de Gaulle warned Khrushchev that such a meeting would have to be carefully prepared and held in "conditions of objectivity and serenity."

His terms for attaining these conditions are very high: two preliminary Western Summit conferences, his own *tête-à-tête* discussions with Mr. Khrushchev, and a lapse of six months. Then the East-West Summit meeting is to be, in his own phrase, a "grand confrontation," with an agenda containing all the major matters about which East and West differ, a solemn and widely-ranging survey which would give a new impetus and a new inspiration to world history. There is an inherent grandeur in this concept, which is completely characteristic of the man who has re-created France out of the sludge of total defeat and total disillusionment.

KEY FIGURES: *Left*—**At a Press Conference in Paris, General de Gaulle announces that Mr. Khrushchev will visit France in March. He said that a second Western Summit meeting would be necessary, by implication after Mr. Khrushchev's visit before the full Summit Meeting.** *Right*—**President and Mrs. Eisenhower talk to the minister of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington after Sunday service. Mr. Eisenhower sets out on his Western tour next month.**

The British thesis of a series of conferences, which will deal doggedly with one issue after another, each time reaching forward to a wider degree of understanding and settlement, may seem prosaic by comparison. It is no less noble, and it may be more practicable. Both propositions run counter to a great deal that has been conventional in most American thinking on international affairs for many years past; and it is worthy of note that one of the most eminent and experienced of British newspaper representatives in Washington, Mr. Henry Brandon, in an assessment of the divisions of opinion within the Western Alliance, could use the phrase, "the dilemma of the West." To many in Washington, habituated to a rigid foreign and defence policy over a long period, it does appear a most fearful dilemma.

Call it a travail rather. The pangs are certainly there, and they are the pangs of the birth of a new idea, or, more accurately, of a whole series of new ideas. For it is possible, I believe, seriously to underestimate the extent of the revolution which President Eisenhower has accomplished in his own thinking on international issues, which, by his powers of persuasion and leadership, he may yet bring about in American public opinion generally. The principle of this revolution is that an alliance is an alliance. It is difficult to have allies, Churchill once observed, but it is even worse not to have allies. No leading statesman in the world to-day has greater experience than Mr. Eisenhower of the practical applications of this principle. He has much to do on his journey, and in Paris; but his real work will begin when he gets home.

THE SEAT OF THE EARL MARSHAL: Arundel Castle, in its large park, is one of the most magnificent mansions in Great Britain. Recently, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, announced that he was to leave the castle to live in a dower house in the grounds.

CASTLES OF ENGLAND

Arundel Castle; Farnham Castle; Cobham Hall; and the Bishop's Palace at Nettleham

Arundel Castle, the home of the Duke of Norfolk, is about eleven miles east of Chichester, Sussex. It has had an eventful history. Founded in the tenth century, the castle was besieged in 1102 by Henry I and in 1139 by Stephen. In 1644 it was laid in ruins by the Parliamentary forces. Its restoration to its present condition was begun in 1791. The park, stocked with deer, has an area of 1,200 acres. The present Duke of Norfolk, who has lived in Arundel Castle for fifty years, recently announced his intention of moving out of the castle next autumn. With the Duchess and their four daughters, he will live in a dower house which is being built a few hundred yards away in the park. The move, which is for reasons of economy, may only be temporary; the family may move back after some maintenance work has been done on the castle. It was stated that there were no plans for offering the castle to the National Trust, and that there would be no alteration in the activities of the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel.

THE DOWER HOUSE: Scaffolding and building materials surround the house into which the Duke of Norfolk and his family will move next year. It will have a central block with five bedrooms, and two cottage wings with three and four bedrooms respectively.

A CASTLE IN SURREY: On the left is Fox's Tower, the main entrance, and on the right th main hall of Farnham Castle, the former residence of the Bishops of Guildford. The cast stands above the market town of Farnham, which is 38 miles south-west of Londo

IN A TREE-FILLED PARK: Cobham Hall is an eighty-roomed mansion, a few miles west of Rochester, in Kent. It was formerly the seat of the Earl of Darnley, who sold it to the Ministry of Works in June this year. A full programme of repair work and restoration is being undertaken in the building and this, it is estimated, will take about a year. Afterwards, the mansion may be sold or let on lease as a school or to the Mutual Households Association. Cobham Hall, built of red brick, was erected by Sir William Brooke (Lord Cobham) between 1582 and 1594; later work was added by Inigo Jones. It has been described as one of the finest examples of the architecture of its period. The park, which at one time was stocked with a herd of deer, has a circumference of seven miles and covers 650 acres. It is celebrated for its trees; there are ash trees 140 ft. high and an avenue of limes 1,000 yards long.

THE FORMER HOME OF THE BISHOPS OF GUILDFORD: In the centre is the rear of the Bishop's House of Farnham Castle, now without a tenant, and, on the right, the ruins of the castle's keep. The Surrey mansion was first built by Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester, the brother of King Stephen. Partially destroyed by Henry III, it was afterwards rebuilt. The castle was garrisoned by Charles I. In 1684 it was restored by Bishop Morley and used as a residence by the succeeding Bishops of Guildford. The last tenant of Farnham Castle was Dr. Montgomery Campbell, who left there early in 1956 on his appointment as Bishop of London. During the period of almost four years in which it has lain empty the old building has deteriorated rapidly. It has woodworm and dry-rot in its ancient timbers. To stop further deterioration repairs must be undertaken and the Guildford Diocese which, with the Church Commissioners, is responsible for the building, is considering the advisability of spending money on restoration. No use has been found for Farnham Castle, though it has been suggested as suitable for use as municipal offices.

AN HISTORICAL SITE IN LINCOLNSHIRE: The aerial view shows the pattern formed by mounds in a field at Nettleham, near Lincoln. The Ministry of Works carried out excavations on the site which is where Edward I signed the charter creating his son (later Edward II) the first Prince of Wales. The mounds in the fields are thought to indicate walls of the Bishop's Palace, the Bishop of Lincoln's Manor. The palace is said to have been given to the Bishops of Lincoln by Queen Maud, the wife of Henry I, and to have been used for some time as the official residence of the Bishops. It is believed that it was inside the Palace that Edward I signed the charter. The purpose of the Ministry of Works excavations was to find if the site could be freed from its designation as an ancient monument so that building might be undertaken. The work was completed at the end of last month. Results were still being assessed last week.

TO-DAY NEAR BERCHTESGADEN

Hitler's Notorious Mountain Retreat is Now a Flourishing Tourist Centre

A guide-book for South Germany published in 1929 contained useful information about the "summer resort" of Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Alps close to the German-Austrian border. It had some interesting historic monuments and was noted for woodcarving and salt-mining. Expeditions were suggested into the mountains surrounding this "picturesque green valley." However, it was doubtful at that date whether Berchtesgaden could claim much fame outside its own immediate locality.

Ten years later most of the world was unhappily only too familiar with the name. Berchtesgaden no longer connoted the enjoyment of past history or of leisurely tourism. To every newspaper reader and listener to radio bulletins it implied the grimmest of contemporary realities. For Berchtesgaden had become a synonym for Hitler's mountain retreat on the Kehlstein, in the Obersalzberg, high above the valley. Known officially as the Berghof, or mountain estate, it was dubbed by the Press "The Eagle's Nest," much to the satisfaction and pride of its owner.

It was said that Hitler selected the Kehlstein for his eyrie because from its summit he could look across the border into his native Austria, and dream the megalomaniac dreams which he started to turn into reality with the Anschluss of 1938. The cost of the construction of the Berghof and its attendant buildings has never been fully known, but it must have been astronomical. A winding road was driven for five miles up the mountain under the direction of the engineer Fritz Todt, the builder of the autobahnen. At lower levels houses for leading Nazis, including Hitler and Goering, and a colony of barracks and administrative offices sprang up. Todt's greatest achievement was at the top of the road. It was found impossible to push it up the last 400 ft. So a tunnel 150 yards long was made into the mountain and led to a lift which carried Hitler to his remote 6,000-ft.-high retreat.

It was in the Berghof, the Nazi propagandists informed the world, that the weary Leader liked to relax from his Herculean labours. A popular picture postcard showed him lounging on a garden seat on the terrace, with the caption: "A quiet hour at Berchtesgaden." In another version a little girl was sitting with him. In fact a great deal of business was transacted in the Eagle's Nest and sometimes much of the Government moved there from Berlin.

Entrance to the precincts was impossible for the unauthorised. The visitor, willing or unwilling, had to pass through stringent security cordons before he was allowed up the road to the tunnel. Some thought the entrance through a channel of darkness to the sanctum of the Leader to be most apposite. When one stepped into the room with its long windows the view was certainly superb. But one did not call on Hitler to admire local topography. Few, except devout Nazis, could enjoy the experience. The visitor might well find himself in for a long interview punctuated with storming rages. At best, if the Leader were affable and relaxed he might be offered one of the cream cakes or sweetmeats which the host devoured with the voracious appetite of a greedy schoolboy. Almost certainly any conversation would be an interminable monologue.

At the end of the war, in April 1945, Berchtesgaden and the buildings on the slopes of the Kehlstein were heavily bombed. Soon afterwards the American Army blew the remains sky high. Only the Berghof itself survived. It was kept heavily guarded, but souvenir hunters with mountaineering skill crept in. In 1952 it was decided to hand it over to the Bavarian Alpine Club, who turned the Berghof into a restaurant, the Kehlstein Haus. Since then it has been a great tourist attraction. Some may deplore the interest of Germans in their infamous past. But curiosity in this strange memorial to an evil genius is understandable. And at least those who knew the Kehlstein Haus when it was the Berghof can now enjoy their cream cakes.

ONCE THE SCENE OF PLOTS AND CRIMES AGAINST HUMANITY: Tourists sit on the terrace of the Kehlstein Haus restaurant over 6,000 ft. up on the Obersalzberg, in the Bavarian Alps. In the Nazi days this was Hitler's Berghof, his mountain retreat, nicknamed "The Eagle's Nest."

HITLER'S VIEW: From this point the Nazi leader gazed over the misty valley to the mountains across the Austrian border and dreamed his dreams of territorial expansion. These began to be realised in the Anschluss, or Union, forced on Austria in 1938. Shrines of the type on the left are often seen on mountains in Germany. Usually they are at the summit of a peak. However, Hitler had this shrine erected some 50 ft. below the top of his Obersalzberg stronghold.

AN ENGINEERING FEAT: The tunnel was driven by the engineer Fritz Todt into the mountain 400 ft. from its summit. Inside is a lift built for Hitler to reach the Berghof. Tunnel and lift are now used by the crowds of tourists.

On left—

BELOW THE KEHLSTEIN: The road winding up the mountain passes a restaurant on the site of where once there were quarters for the leading Nazis. Hitler had a house here as well as his eyrie on the peak. All the buildings were heavily bombed in 1945 at the end of the war.

BUSH FIRE IN AFRICA

Flames and Devastation on the Veld of Southern Rhodesia

FLAMES ROAR THROUGH THE NIGHT AND LEAVE UNPRECEDENTED DAMAGE: The blaze sweeps past trees in the grazing lands of the Zaka area of the Sabi low veld in Southern Rhodesia. The bush fires which broke out in many parts of the country last month were the worst ever recorded in this part of Africa. All available manpower was mobilised to combat the relentless advance of the flames. It was estimated 3,000,000 acres of rich grasslands were devastated. In Zaka, after one series of fires had been extinguished, the flames broke out again and European ranchers and African helpers had to start another day-and-night struggle to put them out and save the lives of thousands of head of cattle and innumerable game. The hazards of the fire-fighters were increased by danger of attack from lions and other wild beasts stampeding in panic before the flames. The causes of the fires could not be established but owing to lack of rain and drought they spread rapidly through the dry countryside. October, the month before the rainy season, and always the hottest month in Southern Rhodesia, was exceptionally torrid this year.

NO RESPITE IN THE ROUND-THE-CLOCK STRUGGLE: Firefighters beat at the flames as they spread at an alarming rate. Many teams combating the blaze worked through day and night.

DANGEROUS AFTERMATH: The fire has died down, but smouldering tree stumps must be immediately extinguished because the slightest wind can fan the flames and start another blaze.

THE LIMIT OF THE CONFLAGRATION: In the foreground the land and trees are charred but the limit of the blaze can be clearly seen towards the background where the bush is untouched. The break was made here by farmers who deliberately fired a long belt of trees before the main conflagration reached the area.

WATER RACE IN NEW ZEALAND

Ingenuity Displayed by Competitors in a Contest in Auckland Harbour

An unusual type of contest was held recently in Auckland, New Zealand. Organised by the Farmers' Trading Company, it took the form of a race across Auckland harbour from the firm's store in Devonport to their main store on the other side. There were two sections—speed and novelty—and prizes totalled £350. The contest was spread over ten days.

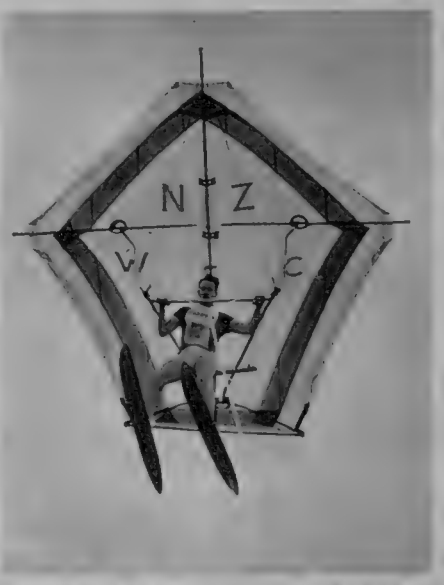
The winner of the speed section was Captain F. P. Ladd. Piloting an amphibian aircraft he took 4 mins. 8 secs. to make the crossing. Second prize went to Mr. L. Fussell in his hydroplane *Mia Lafia*. He had a time of 4 mins. 58·6 secs. Throughout the ten days there was close rivalry between Captain Ladd and Mr. Fussell. Entrants could make as many attempts as they pleased and the eventual winner and second were running neck-and-neck, as it were, with regard to times when, on the last day of the contest, Mr. Fussell suffered a mishap to his craft and had to withdraw it. The co-owner of the hydroplane, Mr. W. Cartwright, was attempting to beat Captain Ladd's already established 4 mins. 8 secs. when *Mia Lafia* hit a wave in mid-harbour and was swamped. The engine was drenched and although Mr. Cartwright and Mr. Fussell worked hard to prepare for another run, the damage was found to be too extensive for repairs to be made in time before the close of the race. There was a close struggle for third place and during the last day the position changed three times in 15 minutes. Eventually it went to Pitt Street Service Station (5 mins.49·5 secs.).

The novelty section produced an astonishing range of ingenuity. Entries included amphibious bicycles and a model hovercraft built and manned by Devonport scouts. Two upholsterers built a divan while being towed across the harbour on a raft. A trio dressed as butcher, baker and candlestick-maker demonstrated the possibilities of going rub-a-dub-dub in a tub. The first prize in this section went to Mr. E. J. Fitzgerald of H.M.N.Z.S. *Tamaki*, who showed a most ingenious interpretation of the rules. Wearing a frogman's suit he was immersed in a tank holding 400 gallons of water and driven on the back of a lorry across the harbour bridge.

Second in the novelty section was Mr. H. V. Boric, of the New Zealand Water Ski Club. He crossed the water by kite and water-skis. Third came Mr. J. G. Bannister, of Ponsonby, and Mr. W. Rayner. They paddled over the course on a floating bed. Several entrants were highly commended. Among them was one who covered the distance sealed in a tin of spaghetti. However, many found the winds and the tides too strong and had to be towed over the harbour. One potential competitor was unable to start because of lack of essential supplies. He had planned to float on three balloons but could not obtain the 3,000 cub. ft. of gas required.

YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE ON THE WATERS OF AUCKLAND HARBOUR: *Left*—Paul Johnston, aged eight, travels across the waters of the New Zealand harbour in a propeller-driven model amphibian. He was taking part in the trans-harbour race organised by the Farmers' Trading Company. *Right*—Captain Ladd skims across the surface in his amphibian aircraft to win the speed section.

WALKING ON WATER: An entrant in the novelty section wears buoyant shoes and uses a paddle as a walking-stick.



AIRBORNE AND SUCCESSFUL: Mr. H. V. Boric is towed on a large kite behind a speed-boat to win second prize in the Novelties.

PENSIVE: Mr. G. S. Goodman sits under his umbrella while propelling himself in a porcelain bath across the harbour.

INGENIOUS BUT UNSUCCESSFUL: An outboard motor powers the outrigger bath in which Mr. D. Smith is voyaging. He failed to make the passage of the harbour.

COMPETING WITH HUMANS: Rip, a Labrador, swam over the course in 35 minutes.

"WATER-BARROW": A couple on a rubber mattress and wheelbarrow were soon in difficulties.

A FLOATING BEDSTEAD: The craft, consisting of a bed with outboards of tins, is paddled across Auckland harbour by Mr. J. Bannister and Mr. W. Rayner. They were entrants in the Novelty Class and won third prize in the race organised by the Farmers' Trading Company.

IN THE STEPS OF "KON TIKI": A party of students paddle their raft named *Ti Konki* and built without nails in the style of the famous *Kon Tiki*. It is understood they made salutary but not original discoveries about currents in the harbour.

TRAGEDY IN THE HIMALAYA

Pictures of the Ill-Fated All-Women Expedition to Cho Oyu

Cho Oyu is a jagged peak of the Great Himalaya, about 20 miles to the west-north-west of Everest, and is 26,750 ft. high. It was first climbed in 1954 by an Austrian party; it had been reconnoitred in 1952 by a British team in preparation for the attempt on Everest in 1953. This year another attempt on the mountain was made, by an all-women team, led by Madame Claude Kogan. But during extremely bad weather with blizzards and winds reaching 100 m.p.h., Madame Claude Kogan and Mlle Claudine van der Stratten, with two Sherpas, lost their lives. After numerous searches, the expedition was abandoned and the party started the trek, via the Sherpa post of Namche Bazar, to Katmandu.

According to reports, the team had set up their base camp at 19,000 ft. by the end of August. At the beginning of October, Madame Kogan, Mlle van der Stratten and Sherpa Angnorbu went up to establish Camp 4 at 23,000 ft. On the following morning Sherpas Tsung and Wangdi started out to join the advance camp, but Tsung was killed in an avalanche and Wangdi was forced to turn back. No communication was possible with Camp 4 for a week during which blizzards raged about the mountain peak. At length the weather relented and a search party went out. They found Camp 4 absolutely destroyed. There was no trace of the missing climbers.

It was Madame Kogan's third visit to the Nepal Himalaya. Five years ago, with the Swiss climber Raymond Lambert, she got to within about 1,300 ft. of the summit of Cho Oyu, setting up a world climbing record for women. In 1955, again with M. Lambert, she climbed the 24,299-ft. Ganesh Himal. Mlle van der Stratten was a leading climber in Belgium, and climbed a 20,000-ft. peak in Peru with Madame Kogan in 1957. The remaining members of the expedition comprised three French, three British, three Indians, and one Swiss.

There has been much activity in the Himalaya this year and a number of tragedies. In May the deputy leader of an Austrian expedition was killed on Dhaulagiri and in the same month two members of a British expedition disappeared when near the summit of Ama Dablam. Five members of another British expedition were lost in the summer while attempting to climb an unnamed 25,540-ft.-peak in the Batura Mustagh group in the Karakoram. After being reported missing for some weeks, a Japanese expedition to Gauri Sankar, not far from Cho Oyu, was reported safe after giving up attempts to climb the mountain from the Nepal side.

BASE CAMP IN THE HIMALAYA: The violent wind blows the flags straight out from the pole at the camp at the foot of Cho Oyu, a 26,750-ft.-high peak to the W.N.W. of Everest. The camp was set up by the all-women climbing expedition to Cho Oyu. At the beginning of October, the leader, Mme. Claude Kogan, Mlle. Claudine van der Stratten and two Sherpas lost their lives in the attempt to climb the mountain.

On left—

RETURN FROM CHO OYU: A Sherpa guide to the expedition, Wangdi, rests his frost-bitten hand on his knee. After Mme. Kogan and Mlle. van der Stratten had set up Camp 4 at 23,000 ft., Sherpas Wangdi and Tsung set off to join them. Tsung was killed in an avalanche and Sherpa Wangdi was forced to turn back to the camp.

PREPARING TO RETURN TO KATMANDU: After the search for missing members of the expedition has been abandoned, Sherpas check stores and clothing in preparation for the long trek back. *Left*—Base camp lies in the snow and jagged rocks at the foot of Cho Oyu.

"A SUPERB PIECE OF SEAMANSHIP"

H.M.S. "Shackleton" Passes Through the Menai Strait

IN THE MENAI STRAIT: Having passed under the Menai Suspension Bridge, H.M.S. *Shackleton* continues her voyage through the stretch of water between Anglesey (left) and the Welsh mainland. On the Anglesey end of the bridge is the town of Menai Bridge, and in the right background Bangor, Caernarvonshire. In the centre background, in haze on the horizon, is Great Orme's Head. H.M.S. *Shackleton*, an 830-ton survey ship, was on her way back to her home port of Chatham after some months of survey work off the North Wales coast. By taking the dangerous route through the Strait she saved four hours on the voyage, with a consequent saving in fuel. *Shackleton's* captain, Lieut.-Commander W. J. L. Smith, Royal New Zealand Navy, who took part in midget submarine operations in the Far East during the war, was praised for his seamanship.

The Menai Strait is a channel varying from 200 yards to 2 miles in width joining Caernarvon Bay with Beaumaris Bay. Along its 14 miles the scenery on both the Anglesey and Caernarvonshire sides is very picturesque. Its navigation, however, is hazardous, with varying cross-currents and a tortuous shipping channel. To speed up their voyages, ships of under 100 tons sometimes make use of the Strait, avoiding the long haul round the Island of Anglesey. Only occasionally do ships of larger size go through.

It was, therefore, something of a feat when recently H.M.S. *Shackleton* made the passage. A former mine-sweeper built in 1936-37, *Shackleton* is now a survey ship. She has a standard displacement of 830 tons and a full load displacement of 1,200 tons. For some time *Shackleton* had been engaged on survey work off the North Wales coast; this included taking soundings, investigating and marking underwater obstacles, and studying the coastlines and tides. For this work she is equipped with the latest echo-sounding equipment, without which the passage of the Menai Strait could never have been attempted.

Shackleton, on her voyage through the Strait, was closely observed by experienced mariners. One of them, Mr. Richard Jones, a former Chief Pilot of the Menai Strait, described it as "a superb piece of seamanship." (Mr. Jones was in *Conway*, the Merchant Navy wooden training ship, when she foundered in the Strait seven years ago.) Another spectator described the Strait as a "dangerous place for strangers."

CLEARING A DORSET RIVER

Cutting Reeds From the Stour at Sturminster Marshall

The Stour is the chief river of Dorset. It rises just over the northern border of the county, near Zeals, in Somerset, and runs for 65 miles through Sturminster Newton, Sturminster Marshall and Wimborne to join the Hampshire (or Salisbury) Avon near its mouth at Christchurch. At some places reeds tend to grow thickly from its banks and thus encumber the stream. One such stretch is near Sturminster Marshall, a village which claims with justification to have been associated with King Alfred. Recently, for the first time for two years, reed clearance was undertaken there. Twelve men from the Stour and Avon River Board set to work one morning. Half of them went upstream above the fine old arched bridge at Sturminster Marshall and cut down the reeds. The other half blocked the river lower down to catch the floating reeds. Men in boats directed the drift to the bank where a mobile belt brought them ashore to be stacked.

In the past the cut reeds were a valuable commodity. They were used in a number of trades, among them thatching and basket-making. Some were dried and sold in other parts of the country or exported. To-day no one wants them, even for digging into the soil as humus or mulch.

IMPROVING THE WATERWAY: Through the bridge over the River Stour, near Sturminster Marshall, in Dorset, reeds cut from the sides higher up have floated downstream. The men in the boat are directing some of the reeds to the near bank to be picked up on a mobile belt. The recent clearance of the Stour was a heavy task because it had not been done for two years.

On left—
PREPARING A STACK: The reeds are run up onto the bank on the mobile belt and are being piled up into a stack. A dozen men from the Stour and Avon River Board carried out the clearance. Half went upstream and hacked down the reeds with long-handled knives and the remainder blocked the river and brought the floating debris ashore.

A HAZARDOUS POSITION: The man working on the cut reeds is standing comfortably in shallow water, but below the floating reeds stretching into the foreground the river has a depth of nearly 6 ft. The Stour, Dorset's chief river, has a length of sixty-five miles.

WASTE OF TO-DAY WHICH WAS OF VALUE IN THE PAST: *Above*—A concentration of cut reeds drifts on the surface ready to be brought to land. *On right*—Stacks are completed on the bank. In the past cut reeds were used in several trades including thatching and basket-making. To-day they are waste.

REMEMBERING HIS BIRTHPLACE

The Sons of an Italian who Became Rich in America Make a Gift to the Villagers of San Marco d'Urri

A LEGACY FROM A FORMER VILLAGER: The inhabitants of San Marco d'Urri, a small village in the north of Italy, queue up at tables in the village church to receive twenty-five shares each of Bank of America and Italy stock. Even the youngest children received shares which were given by the sons of Leopoldo Saturno, who was born at San Marco d'Urri, emigrated to the United States and became rich.

On left—

AN UNEXPECTED GIFT: Members of the Cassinelli family hold the shares which were given to them. Many people of the village, which is extremely impoverished, were unable to believe their good fortune.

ENTERING THE VILLAGE: The Mayor of San Marco d'Urri, Signor Eraldo de Martino (wearing a sash), and Mr. Aurelio Gandini, a director of the Bank of America and Italy, walk down a tree-lined path on their way into the village. Mr. Gandini visited San Marco d'Urri to distribute the number of shares in the stock of the Bank which the two sons, Victor and Joseph Saturno, decided to give on behalf of their father. Each of the 284 villagers received twenty-five shares, worth about £500. Leopoldo Pietro Saturno emigrated from Italy to the United States, where he made a fortune in dealings in real estate before he died at Reno, in Nevada. He regretted that he had done nothing to help the impoverished people of the village in which he was born. Although his two sons had never been to their father's birthplace, they decided to implement their father's wish and help the people of the impoverished village. San Marco d'Urri is situated in the foothills of the Apennines, near the shipbuilding town Chiávari.

EXPRESSING THEIR DELIGHT: Even the oldest of the villagers join in the celebrations after receiving the gift. *On left*—Anne Giannini, a granddaughter of Amedeo Giannini, founder of the Bank of America and Italy, hands 25 share certificates, which are worth about £500, to an eighty-year-old villager.

A SALE OF SHEEP

At the Autumn Clearance Sheep Fair at Salisbury; Typical Scenes at a Small Rural Fair and the Habits of Auctioneers

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I WAS casting my eye, for I like to keep up to date in these matters, down a list of coming events, compiled primarily, I imagine, for the benefit of visitors to this country, when I saw "Autumn Clearance Sheep Fair, Salisbury, November 5th." It took me by surprise. I had never even heard of the thing before. But, evidently, it was regarded as an occasion of importance, for it was one of only five agricultural and livestock shows mentioned for the whole month.

I happen to be very fond of sheep. Sheep, Welsh Mountain Sheep, were *the* farm animals of the countryside of my boyhood, and they still are. I was brought up to understand that they were very special and very important animals. But, quite apart from that, I am very fond of them. I like their aristocratic noses and soft eyes: I like the warm, sweet smell. I think that, with the possible exception of the goat, they are by far the most intelligent of all farm animals. Whenever I see sheep in the country, but especially in mountain country, I stop and watch them: and I make a point of going to sheep fairs whenever I get the opportunity. So it came as a bit of a shock to find that here was an important sheep fair of which I had never so much as heard a whisper. I made a note of the date in my diary and, on November 5, I went to Salisbury.

I could not see a sign of a sheep fair. I asked a policeman. He said yes, he believed there was one, somewhere out on the Old Sarum road, but he could not be sure just where. I went out to Old Sarum, and never a sign of a sheep fair. I asked one or two people, but they had not heard of it and did not think there was one. On the way back into the city, I asked another policeman. He knew about it, and directed me. He seemed a little surprised that I should want to go to it.

I found the fair tucked away off the Amesbury road, in a field behind a newish housing estate and next door to a Rugby Football ground. There were two short lines of sheep pens in the centre of the field, about twenty lorries, perhaps thirty private cars, and a small crowd of men: may be a couple of hundred, but I think that that is probably a generous estimate. There were also two small huts, which housed the two auctioneers' staffs: two men in one hut, and one girl in the other. At one side of the field was a long shed in which refreshments were served. In it were two tables set at right-angles to each other. At one you could get tea: at the other alcoholic drinks of every conceivable sort. Whenever I went in (which was quite often) the tea table was deserted: the other seemed on the whole to arouse much more consistent interest than the sheep.

It was not, you will see, what you could call a big sheep fair. When I remarked on this to one of the auctioneer's staff, he agreed: but added that it was a good deal bigger than usual. "Why," he said, "I can remember when there were only four pens here: this year we've got eleven hundred sheep." Eleven hundred sheep! You will find many more than that at many an ordinary market in the Midlands or the North: many more than that at Reading or Newbury. These are not specifically sheep fairs; not occasions regarded as sufficiently important to get a special mention in anything other than the farming Press.

As to sheep fairs: what about Findon or Wilton? At Wilton in September, there were, I believe, something like 30,000 sheep, and it was not thought important enough to get a mention in the list I read. Maybe it is all just a matter of publicity, and Wilton and the other big sheep fairs do not need publicity and do not bother. If it is just a matter of publicity, and I suspect that it is, then whoever is in charge of the publicity for this Autumn Clearance Fair has a genius for it. A few more years, a few more people like me, and he will have a crowd. Naturally, he will need a few more sheep as well.

AN AUTUMN SHEEP FAIR: Visitors and buyers pass down the long lines of pens at the Great Findon Fair. The Southdown Sheep Society's annual show and sale was held at Findon, near Worthing, in Sussex, in September. There are a number of big sheep fairs which are held every year—at some of them there may be more than 30,000 sheep.

I was walking round the pens, not a long walk, thinking that it would be hard luck on any foreign tourist who had made a special journey, as I had, to see an important English sheep fair, and thinking at the same time that there would not be likely to be a tourist, not in November, when I met one. He was a large man, and he came from the Argentine. He had not, fortunately, made a special journey to Salisbury just to see this fair. His wife was "doing" Salisbury Cathedral: he was not particularly interested in cathedrals, but he was interested in farming, having been brought up on a ranch, though he is now in the motor trade. So he had come out to the fair.

He had seen it mentioned in the same list as I had, and he had had just as much difficulty in finding it. The fact is that the publicity does not go far enough: there ought to be yellow signs up, directing the traffic. Quite a lot of people, who have never heard of this fair, who have no interest in sheep fairs, would follow them, just to see what it is all about. The English are like that. I also gathered that the tourist was not impressed.

There is no point in beating about the bush. This is a small and unimportant Clearance Fair. To mention it in a list of coming events, in a list which covers important events of every type throughout the country, is misleading and is bound to cause the casual visitor considerable disappointment; especially the foreign tourist, who may well go away with a totally false impression.

But size is not everything. Had my Argentinian acquaintance swallowed his disappointment and stayed, he might well have learned a great deal about the rural English. For this, after all, is the sort of small sale that is typical of rural England; typical in a way in which the Dairy Show, the Smithfield Show, the great agricultural shows of summer are not. Those are the shop-windows of agriculture, as carefully dressed as the shop-windows of great city stores at Christmastime. They play a most important part in the agricultural year, particularly in the way in which they bring all the manifold activities of farming to the notice of the townsman, as well as providing a nice day out.

The agricultural show nowadays is addressed to the townsman and not to the countryman: if townsfolk in their thousands did not pay to enter, no agricultural show could survive. This was not an agricultural show, there was no window-dressing, and Salisbury remained unmoved and unaware. There was no city store glamour about this. This was just business, the ordinary routine business, so to speak, of the village shop.

It was interesting and fascinating. The auctioneer, an elderly weatherbeaten man, in a stained mackintosh and a battered trilby, stood on one side of the pen: the potential buyers on the other side, opposite him. They stood there, a tough, hard-bitten lot, impassive and expressionless, with no flicker of interest on their faces and no gleam of humour. There was about them a taut wariness.

The auctioneer knew his job and knew his crowd. He wasted no time making speeches, no time in trying to raise a laugh. I have watched many auctioneers in my time, and almost all of them have had their mannerisms, their pet expressions and gestures, and their little tricks of speech. This was a man without mannerism, at least on this occasion. I suspect that, with a different audience, he would be a different man altogether, for he matched himself to this crowd perfectly. He was a master of his art. In this respect auctioneers vary enormously. Some seem to have little control of their crowd and waste a great deal of time getting the bids they need. Others seem to be able to persuade a fair bid in next to no time at all. This was one of the latter.

In my young days country auctioneers used not infrequently to take imaginary bids in the hope that they would eventually get a genuine one at about the right figure. In other words, they bid themselves up and hoped they would carry someone in the crowd away with them. They did, too, every now and again. If they did not, if, when they finally knocked an animal down to some person in the crowd who denied indignantly that he had ever made a bid at all, then they would start all over again with some muttered excuse, but not in the least put out. That method of raising prices is now forbidden. Auctioneers are now members of a highly respectable profession and there are strict rules governing their conduct. But that does not mean that a good auctioneer will not get the price he wants and thinks fair, or near enough.

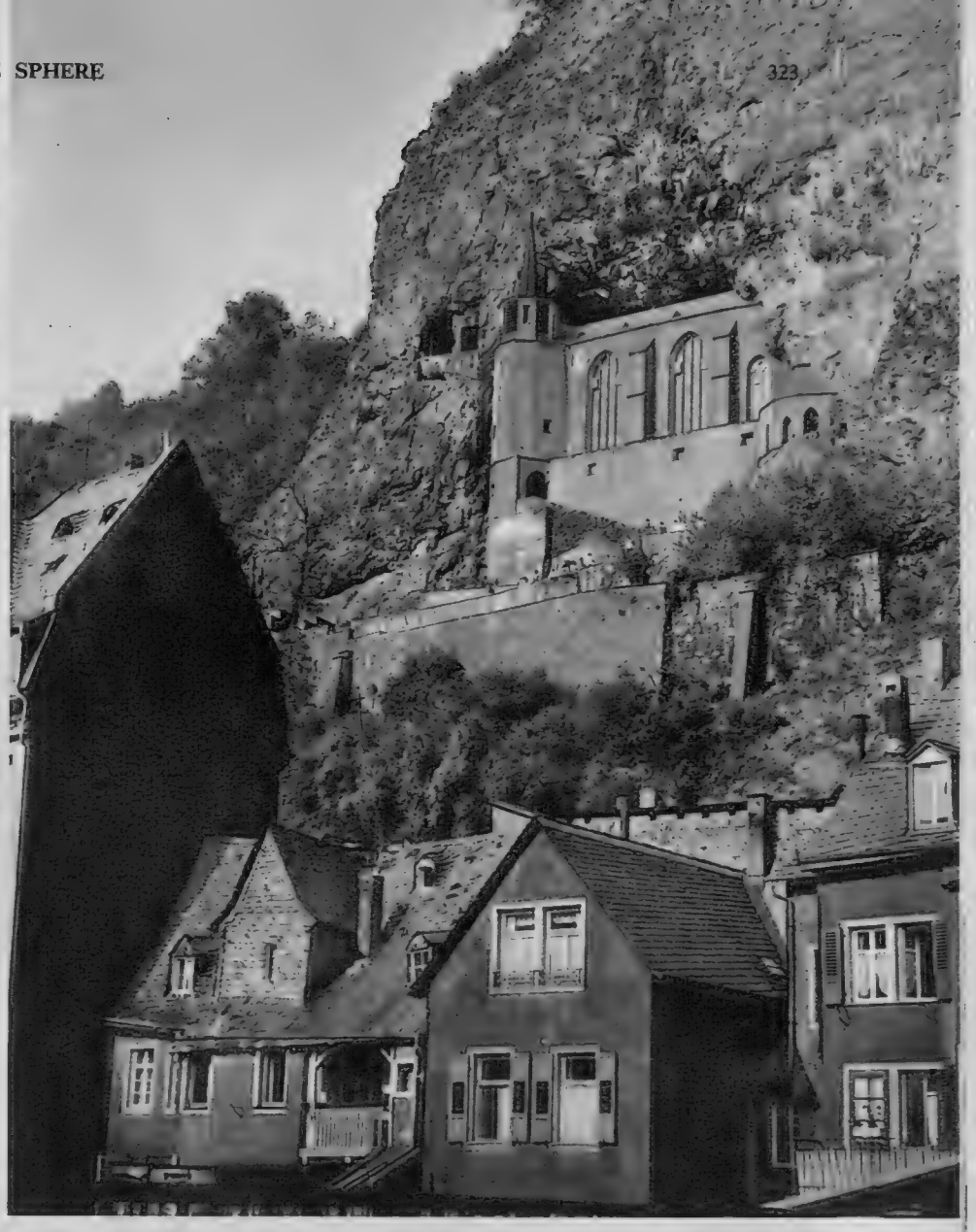
This man came to a pen of half-bred ewes. He wasted no time describing them. He merely announced that they were good on udder and asked who would bid him sixty-five. (That is, sixty-five shillings.) There was dead silence. No one was going to be caught like that. You could sense that every one of them considered that sort of price ridiculous. Sixty-three? A dead, rather contemptuous, silence. A small man snapped "Fifty-six" in a steely, take-it-or-leave-it voice. But this was altogether too much for the others: they were not going to see him get away with a bargain like that. The bidding started: fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine. The auctioneer briskly rapped out the figures.

Yet, after that first spoken bid, I did not hear a sound. They stood there impassive, expressionless. It must all have been done by nods and winks, twitches and meaningful glances. But I could catch none of them. That auctioneer must have had eyes like a hawk, and must have known his customers very well. I forget what that pen was knocked down for now, and I do not even know that I have got the figures right, but I do know that it was a few shillings above the first suggested bid. There or thereabouts.

He moved on to a pen of registered pedigree lambs; six of them, if I remember correctly. He said "Who'll bid me seven?" (This would be pounds, of course.) No response whatever. He came down like a dutch auction: six-ten, six, five-ten. Suddenly the bidding started, with this time no spoken bid at all, or at least not one I heard. It went up just as quickly, and again it ended at seven or thereabouts.

I do not know that this happened at every pen. But it happened often enough for me to develop an enormous admiration for the auctioneer. He knew what price he wanted, pretty well told them so, and, near enough, he got it time after time. In all the time I watched, he made only one comment. This was after he had sold a pen of Clun ewes. He looked across at the small crowd opposite, but at no one in particular, and said bitterly, "Took a long time to make up your mind, didn't you?" (I thought that the bidding had been just as brisk as usual.) This produced the one hearty laugh of the morning. I still wonder why. As a fair it was small, and rather dull and unimportant. I can well understand my Argentinian acquaintance's disappointment. But, as a lesson in rural psychology, it was well worth the journey.

A NEW FORM OF TRANSPORT: Spectators line the pavements at the Rockefeller Centre in New York to watch a demonstration of an "air-car." The vehicle, which was developed by the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, was making its first appearance in public. Riding a few inches above the ground on a cushion of air produced by fans in front and behind the cockpit, the "air-car" can travel equally well over land, water, swamp or mud. It has a maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. The manufacturers claim that their machine can be driven by anyone able to drive an ordinary motor-car. At Princeton University, New Jersey, recently there was a demonstration of similar vehicles.



IN RHINELAND: The parish church of Idar-Oberstein is built in a cavity in the rock-face which overlooks the town. Idar-Oberstein is a small industrial town standing on the River Nahe, a tributary of the Rhine. It is about 80 miles west of Frankfurt. The church is said to have been built by a knight in 1450 in expiation of the murder of his brother, whom he threw down the cliff from the spot where the church stands.

CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA

A DEMONSTRATION AT EASTBOURNE: Police Constable Harry Ward, of the Eastbourne Police, makes a descent of the steep chalk cliffs at Beachy Head. On his back is a walkie-talkie radio and in front of him is a special stretcher. Centre is the Beachy Head Lighthouse. The descent was part of a demonstration of cliff rescue apparatus.

On right—

A FURLONG OF PIPE: As it is carried by a gang of fifty men, the 220-yard-long plastic pipe winds round a corner. It was one of ten such sections of 4-in. flexible plastic pipe being transported to the nuclear power centre at Mol, in the west of Belgium. Most of the journey from Brussels was made by canal barge.

On left—

A BARGE COVERED IN FOAM: At Comines, on the French-Belgian border, a long barge passes through a lock almost entirely hidden by masses of white foam. French and Belgian bargees, who work in North-East France and Belgium, have protested vigorously against the conditions at Comines. They claim that these are the result of soap factories and tanneries using the canal as a depository for their waste water. Since at times the foam, caused by detergent agents, covers the barges, it is difficult to see and navigate the narrow locks. Banks of foam, caused by detergents, occur on English rivers, for instance on the Avon at Warwick.

AUCTIONED AT SOTHEBY'S

Some of the Old Masters Sold This Week in London

PORTRAIT OF A LADY: The full-length study of Anne, Countess of Chesterfield, was painted by Thomas Gainsborough. She is wearing a blue silk dress with a brown gold-flecked wrap, and behind her is a wooded landscape at sunset. The picture was one of a number of old masters which were up for auction at Sotheby's, London, this week.

HEAD OF A BEARDED MAN: This extremely fine portrait was painted by Sir Peter Paul Rubens and was up for auction as the property of the trustees of the Kingston Hall Settled Estate. It passed into the possession of Lord Belper, having been bought in the early nineteenth century from the Duc d'Albery, to whom it is believed to have been given by the Duke of Bavaria. Rubens probably used this head as a model in the triptych ordered by the Church of S. Jean, Malines, in 1616. The artist's habit was to make careful studies to use in large figure compositions. In addition he probably added, wherever possible, to his stock of painted heads, to be able to show his students exactly what he wanted.

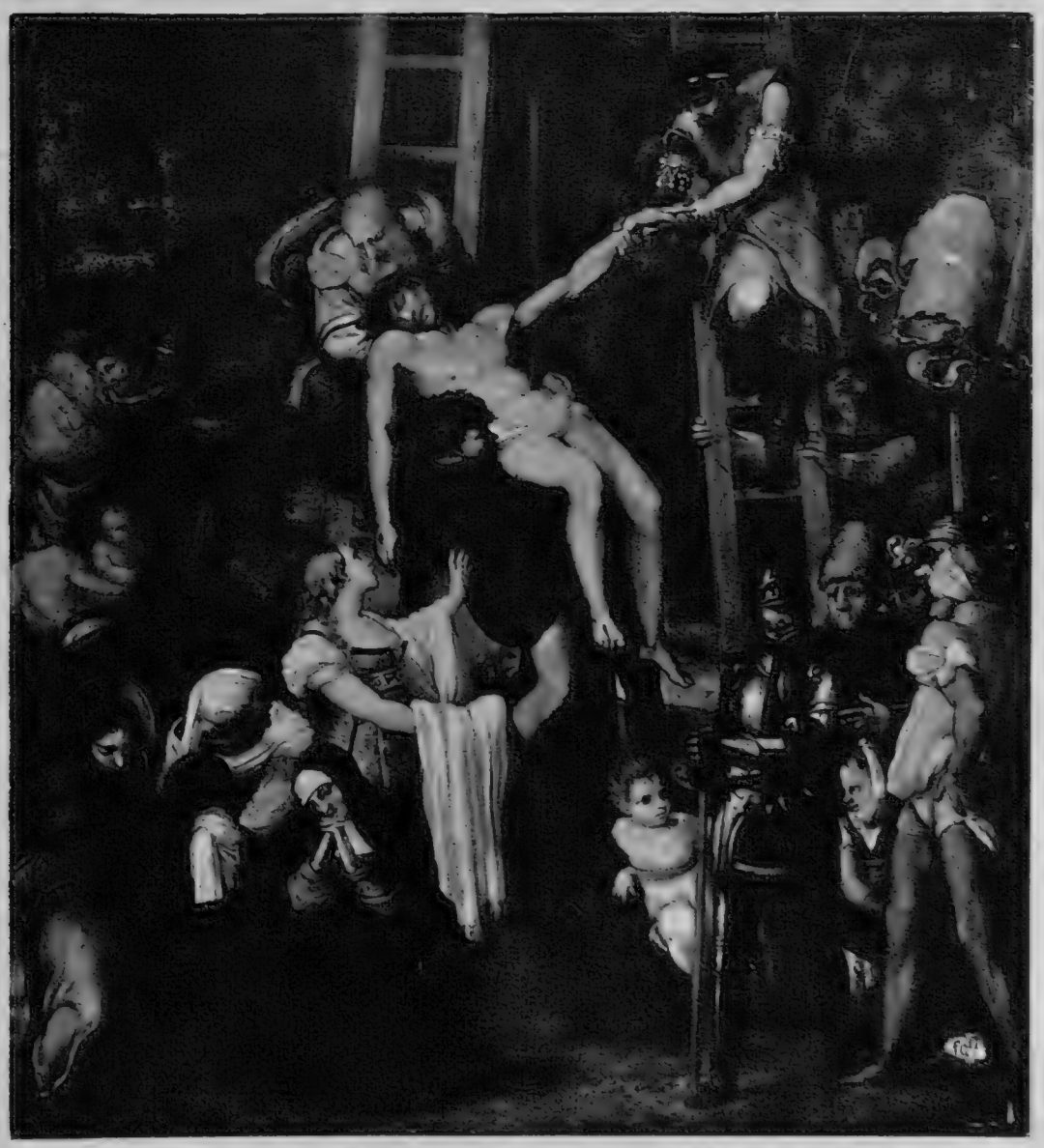
Last season's sales at Sotheby's reached a record total of £5,000,000. Fears that these might have exhausted the number of old masters and Impressionist paintings in circulation were set at rest by the sale last Wednesday of pictures from Kingston Hall; the estate of the late Sir John Leigh; and other sources. Furthermore, there will be a number of Impressionist paintings to be auctioned on Wednesday, November 25. Included in this sale are an impressive Gauguin, a study of a peasant by Cézanne and works by Picasso, van Gogh, Monet and Renoir.

Perhaps the most important picture in the sale of old masters was the study of the head of a bearded man by Rubens. It is apparent that this was used as a model for several of the heads in Rubens' triptych, which was ordered by the Church of S. Jean, Malines. The central panel of this is a depiction of the Adoration of the Magi. Another painting of the same subject, a large altarpiece, was sold at Sotheby's last season for £275,000, and is now on loan to the National Gallery. Other pictures in the sale included a pair of portraits by Gainsborough of the Countess and Fifth Earl of Chesterfield, portraits by Romney, three views of Venice by Canaletto, and a number of drawings.

UNDER THE CASTLE WALLS: The river landscape, with fishermen drawing in their nets beneath the outer walls of the Castle Montfoort, was painted by the Dutch seventeenth-century artist, Jan van Goyen. In the distance is Utrecht. Signed and dated 164 the painting belonged to Baroness L. H. Schimmelpenninck van der Oye. Van Goyen was one of the best Dutch landscape artis

INSIDE THE SCHOOLROOM: The scene of pupils at work and of cloaked figures is in pen and ink and grey wash. It is inscribed 1791 and was drawn by the Venetian artist Giovanni Domenico Tiepolo. Born about 1726, he was the son of Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, who was often called the last great painter of the Venetian school. He accompanied his father to Spain, where he assisted in painting the murals for Charles III's new palace at Madrid. Domenico Tiepolo died in Spain in 1804. —In the sale (at Sotheby's) there were also four pen and ink drawings and a sketch in red chalk of the head of a woman by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo, the father and greater artist.

ST. CHRISTOPHER CROSSING A BRIDGE: He is carrying the Infant Christ. The drawing in pen and ink and body colour is on green prepared ground by Mair von Landshut, who died in 1520.



THE DEPOSITION FROM THE CROSS: The large picture on a panel measuring 50 ins. by 56 ins. was painted by the sixteenth-century Spanish artist, Pedro Machuca. It was sent in for auction at Sotheby's by Madame Dimitri Angelopulo. A study for the painting is in the Louvre, where it is listed as being by Gaudenzio Ferrari.

BAHAMAS

Small open huts and palm trees lend a distinctive appearance to Paradise Beach, which can be reached by ferry in a short time from Nassau. It is one of the favourite beaches on Hog Island.

The Sphere of Travel

WARMTH IN WINTER

Suggestions for Holidays in France, Portugal, Spain, Greece, the Near East and Farther Afield

By GORDON COOPER

EACH year when I come to write about places in which to get a winter sunshine holiday I must of necessity, as far as Europe is concerned, stick generally to my former recommendations. But this year I am fortunately able to offer a few new suggestions: places where not only are there good opportunities for basking in the sun in an equable climate, but where, equally important, there are satisfactory hotels. I think that properly heated hotels are an essential to a happy holiday abroad during the winter months. You may well want to take your own hot-water bottle with you on your journey, but I see no reason why it should be essential to retire to bed after dinner simply in order to get warm.

When I scan the optimistic and highly-coloured travel agents' winter sunshine brochures I feel that some of their advertised tours require qualification. I think, for instance, that while the imperial cities of Morocco can be delightful during March and April they are not to be confidently recommended in January and February, a period often with rains and possibly snow. Agadir is really the only resort in this interesting country where you can be practically certain of warmth, including comfortable bathing, in January and February.

I need hardly sing the praises of Madeira and the Canary Islands. During the first three months of the year their temperatures are in the 60's, compared with London's 40 degrees. Several firms now run charter flights to Tenerife, and the total cost, including accommodation, is very reasonable. Madeira, too, can be reached by regular sailings of the Bergen and Greek lines. Ask your travel agent for particulars. Two useful guide books are "Madeira and the Canary Islands" by A. Gordon-Brown (R. Hale) and "A Fortnight in Madeira and the Canaries" by Gordon Cooper (P. Marshall).

In Portugal, Estoril usually has many days of warm sunshine, while it is within such easy reach of Lisbon that there is something to do when it does rain. You will find it warmer, however, at Praia da Rocha, on the Algarve coast (Southern Portugal), where spring comes very early.

On the other side of the Iberian Peninsula, in Spain, the driest spot is Alicante. This is a place which has so far escaped the attention of travel agents, yet I think it should rank first for those who are content to live in a peaceful but extremely pleasant environment; it has some good hotels. Further north, I can recommend S'Agaro, on the Costa Brava, mainly because of its excellent luxury hotel, while Palma, on Majorca, is also worth considering. In Andalusia, Malaga and Algeciras would be my rather uncertain selections, for you can get spells of unpleasant weather. The same defect applies to Gibraltar, an excellent base, however, from which to make excursions, both into Spain and into Morocco.

Both Algeria and Tunisia are once again coming back into favour, and a holiday in either country can in certain towns be considered to be perfectly safe. Algiers, Bou Saada and Biskra, in Algeria, and Tunis in Tunisia, can be recommended. Incidentally, it is now possible to fly out to Tunis direct by the new Skyways weekly service, taking under four hours. There is also a connecting air link with Malta.

You can also fly out to Tripoli, which has one reasonably good hotel and some simpler establishments. You are afforded the opportunity of making excursions into the surrounding desert. There are the fascinating Roman sites of Sabratha and Leptis Magna, and, farther afield along the coast road, Cyrenaica, where there are some exciting Greek and Roman remains. There is a curious charm, too, about Tripoli, although it has a rather down-at-heel appearance. For myself, I have a gnawing wanderlust desire to journey into the heart of the Libyan desert to the remote oases of Gadames and Ghat. But it is a trip not lightly to be undertaken.

Back on the Continent, along the French and Italian Rivieras, there are the ever-popular resorts of Cannes, Nice, Beaulieu, Monte Carlo, Menton, Bordighera, San Remo and Nervi. For those who are content with a slightly isolated but pleasant hotel, there is the Grand Hotel in Bormes, a typical Provençal mountain village, whence there is a superb panoramic view. This place is within easy reach of le Lavandou.

Farther south in Italy, places of winter appeal include Amalfi and Ravello, near Naples, and Palermo, Syracuse and Taormina in Sicily. Worth noting, too, are the weekly round tours of Sicily by CIAT de-luxe coach. These embrace the main archæological centres on the island: Syracuse, Segesta, Palermo, Agrigento and Piazza

TASTING VENETIAN WINES IN LONDON

With the introduction since 1954 of a number of tastings in various British cities, a wider range of Italian wines is now becoming very well known in this country. Ranging from Piedmont in the north to Sicily in the far south, Italy has an extensive selection of national and regional wines, and at the first tasting in London in 1954 the wines displayed were of a national character. They consisted of many of the finest wines produced throughout the length and breadth of Italy.

Subsequent to the tastings in London and elsewhere, the Italian Chamber of Commerce for Great Britain thought it would be beneficial to arrange tastings of wines from individual regions. First on the list was the Venetian Region, which produces a range of white and red wines, mainly of the table type, as well as sparkling and dessert wines. At the Café Royal recently, distinguished guests were invited to attend a tasting, held on two days, of a selection of wines from the region, and altogether there were more than sixty on display.

After an introductory speech by Mr. Charles Forte, Professor Italo Cosmo (who among his several appointments is Councillor of the Italian Academy of the Vine and Wine) spoke about the industry in the Venetian Provinces, the art of wine tasting, and finally commented on each wine as it was tasted.

WINES FROM THE VENETIAN PROVINCES: A general view of the scene at the Café Royal, in London, during the tasting of a number of wines from one particular area of Italy. The tasting was organised by the Consulting Committee for Agriculture and Forestry of the Venetian Provinces, and more especially by its Vine Growing Committee, in collaboration with the Italian Chamber of Commerce for Great Britain in London. Sitting in the centre of the top table, under the right-hand side of the banner, is Mr. Charles Forte, President of the Chamber of Commerce. On his right is Signor Prunas, minister at the Italian Embassy, and on his left Professor Italo Cosmo, Chairman of the Vitivinicol Consulting Committee for Agriculture and Forestry in the Venetian Provinces. In a speech to the guests he described many of the wines displayed for tasting.

Below:

TASTING A WHITE VENETIAN WINE FOR COLOUR AND BOUQUET: In the three pictures Mr. Philip Harben is seen during his close examination of one of the wines. On the *far left* he is examining the colour, holding the glass of wine in front of the candle; *centre*, testing for aroma and bouquet and, in the picture *below*, about to taste.

Armerina. C.I.T. offer a 12-day inclusive tour for 82 guineas, with air flight, both ways, between London and Catania. This is, indeed, a travel bargain I can strongly recommend, and you travel independently.

On the Dalmatian coast of Yugoslavia both the island of Hvar (which claims a comparable climate with Madeira) and Dubrovnik should be pleasant places in which to stay, and the latter has now a couple of really first-class hotels. Greece, too, has improved considerably in the matter of hotels, and in this classical land I consider Phaleron (on the sea near Athens), Crete and Rhodes should all prove satisfying.

Egypt, the almost perfect land for winter sunshine, is once more open to British visitors, and several travel agents now offer tours which embrace Cairo, Aswan and Luxor. In view of the proposed building of a higher dam on the Nile which must inevitably flood some important monuments, a visit to the Nile Valley should not be missed.

Another idyllic country for winter holidays is Israel, a description of which appeared recently in these pages. Special inclusive rates at reduced costs are now available, and, travelling by air, a ten-day holiday there can cost under £150. It is also possible to include both Jordan and Israel in one tour, at a cost of around £200 for fifteen days (by air). I would point out that many of the most interesting biblical sights lie inside Jordan, especially in Jerusalem. For those seeking a truly Grand Tour of the Middle East there is an air tour organised by Wings Limited, which uses one plane throughout. Just to mention the ports of call cannot fail to evoke wanderlust: Athens, Rhodes, Beirut, Sidon, Beaufort, Byblos, Cedars of Lebanon, Tripoli (Lebanon), Damascus, Jerusalem, Gethsemane, Bethlehem, Bethany, the Dead Sea, Jericho, Samaria, Nablus, Beirut, Baalbek, Heraklion (Crete), Knossos, Phæstos, Agia Triada, Pisa—and an optional excursion to the Nabatean city of Petra. The inclusive charge, including first-class hotel accommodation and all excursions except Petra, is only 154 guineas—surely the best of all travel bargains !

For those who prefer to travel more leisurely, there are separate tours to Jordan and to Lebanon. In the former country several days can be spent exploring Jerusalem (Jordan), while it is possible to make an extension tour to Petra (three days by private car), provided you can ride horseback at some of the spots. There is camp accommodation at Petra, but there are many who consider these slight "hardships" well repaid by the impressive remains of this outstanding ruined desert city.

In Lebanon, Beirut is the best centre, with several excellent hotels. Sea-bathing should be possible, and there are easy excursions to Baalbek, whose great ruined temples impressed me almost more than any other Roman site; to Byblos, the most ancient town in the world and still inhabited; and to the famous Cedars of Lebanon, the last survivors of the venerable giants of ancient history. These "Cedars of the Lord," from whose eternal wood solar boats and coffins were made for the First Dynasty Pharaohs of Egypt, and later Solomon's temple and palace as well, are undoubtedly Lebanon's most precious possession. Near to this grove you can even indulge in ski-ing during the winter months.

Elsewhere in the Mediterranean there is warm and sunny Malta, where everyone speaks English; so you'll have no worries about making yourself understood. Despite this island's many places of interest, I feel that the standards of hotel accommodation there might well be improved if tourists are to be attracted. B.E.A., by the way, offer special air inclusive holidays to this "British Riviera," as well as to many other winter sunshine resorts, and I suggest you get a copy of their brochure dealing with the opportunities available. Bookings must be made through a travel agent. Another suggestion is Cyprus, steeped in history and mythology, and with fine scenery. Conditions are now back to normal.

Finally, for those who would like to go farther afield, I suggest the Bahamas, with their almost perfect climate. Here in Nassau, the capital of these coral islands, you will find warm sandy beaches, quiet little bays, and lovely underwater gardens. There's plenty to do in this sun-drenched paradise: swimming, sailing, big-game fishing, water-ski-ing. There are also the various monuments, such as ancient forts, to the island's stormy past. An 18-day holiday in Nassau, with air transport there and back, costs from 320 guineas. Both Cook's and Swans can be recommended for these tours in the Bahamas.

MALTA *Spinola Creek is a few miles outside Valetta. The stone of the buildings has mellowed to a warm gold. It is a favourite spot for artists.*

SPECIALIST TRAVEL AGENTS FOR WINTER SUNSHINE HOLIDAYS

Thos. Cook and Son (Berkeley Street, London, W.1) and Swans Tours (260, Tottenham Court Road, W.1) cover most of the places embraced in this article.

For North Africa:
Back's Travel Service, 56, *Coram Street, W.C.1.*
Barbary Tours, "*Woodlands*," *Sheperdswell, Dover, Kent.*

For Canary Islands:
Winter Sunshine Holidays, 85, *Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.*
Wings Ltd., 48, *Park Road, N.W.1.*

For Spain:
Spanish Tourist Service, 93, *Piccadilly, W.1.*

For Italy:
C.I.T., 10, *Charles II Street, W.1.*

For Greece:
Oceanways Ltd., 23, *Haymarket, S.W.1.*

For Egypt:
Milbanke Tours, 164, *Piccadilly, W.1.*

For Middle East:
Wings Ltd., 48, *Park Road, N.W.1.*
Erna Low Travel Service, 47, *Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.*
Aviagents Ltd., 29, *Swallow Street, W.1.* (*for Israel*).

For Bahamas and Caribbean:
Caribbean Tours Ltd., 12, *Park Mansions Arcade, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.*

A NEW U.K.—LISBON SAILING

In the past Lisbon has only been reached by air or by the rather long rail journey through France and Spain. In future, there will be the new passenger service introduced by the Portuguese line, Companhia Nacional de Navegacao, which operates between London and Lisbon on regular sailings. There is accommodation for first- and third-class passengers, and the first-class one-way fare is £25. Having inspected one of the ships used on this service I can say that the voyage (three days) is a holiday in itself. The U.K. passenger agent is Davidson, Park and Speed (91, Bishopsgate, E.C.2).

This service could also be combined with a new service by sea to Madeira from Lisbon. A shipping company (Empresa Insulana de Navegacao) operates a weekly service, sailing from Lisbon each Saturday and from Funchal on Tuesdays. It is possible, too, to buy a combined inclusive return fare from London with air travel between London and Lisbon and return.

NEW SERVICES, SAILINGS AND MONEY MATTERS

A new service between London and Turin will be introduced next summer by B.E.A., with, it is expected, twice-weekly departures in each direction. Also, between June and September next year, an extra port of call will be made once a week on the London-Malta service, at Alghero, Sardinia. This will speed up the journey between London and Sardinia and will enable many more people to discover this newly-developed holiday island.

Hunting-Clan provide a very useful coach-class service between the United Kingdom and Gibraltar. The return fare is remarkably cheap, being only £30 10s. Vikings are used and a stop is made at Biarritz on the once-a-week service.

In connection with sailings of the Elder Dempster Line to West Africa, special inclusive arrangements can be made for a round voyage taking thirty-two days, including a stay ashore, either eight days in Accra or six days in Lagos. Departure dates from Liverpool are December 10 and 23, 1959; January 7 and 21, and February 4, 1960. The first-class fare, including hotel accommodation, is £255 10s.

The complete conversion to the heavy franc is expected to take place on January 1, 1960. The change-over will be very easy. It will only be a matter of taking two noughts off the sum and substituting centimes for the last two digits.

A form of credit card in the shape of a letter of authority is being introduced by Thos. Cook and Son Limited. It will enable businessmen travelling abroad to obtain travel services and hotel accommodation wherever they are without dipping into their currency allowance. Instead of being tied to pre-planned itineraries, executives will be able to dodge about and go as they please, knowing that travel services purchased can be paid for in sterling in London. It is understood that this facility will also be available through their associate company, Dean and Dawson, Limited.

An additional weekly service between Lisbon and Madeira, by the motor-ship *Alfredo da Silva*, started at the beginning of October and will continue until December 29, 1959. Departures will be each Saturday until December 26, returning from Funchal on Tuesdays. By travelling by air to Lisbon from London the journey could be made more interesting by a brief halt made in Portugal.

Some very reasonably-priced tours of East Africa have been arranged by a leading travel agent in conjunction with Airwork. One seventeen-day holiday costs £291 with a car tour of the Amboseli National Reserve, Mount Kilimanjaro and the Royal Tsavo National Park, as well as a visit to the famous Treetops Hotel, where a fascinating night can be spent in the branches of an enormous tree, watching big game. The longest of these tours lasts thirty-four days and includes such highlights as a detour into the Ituri forest to see pygmies and a sight of the Mountains of the Moon. The cost of this very extensive tour is £422.

W. D. C. C.

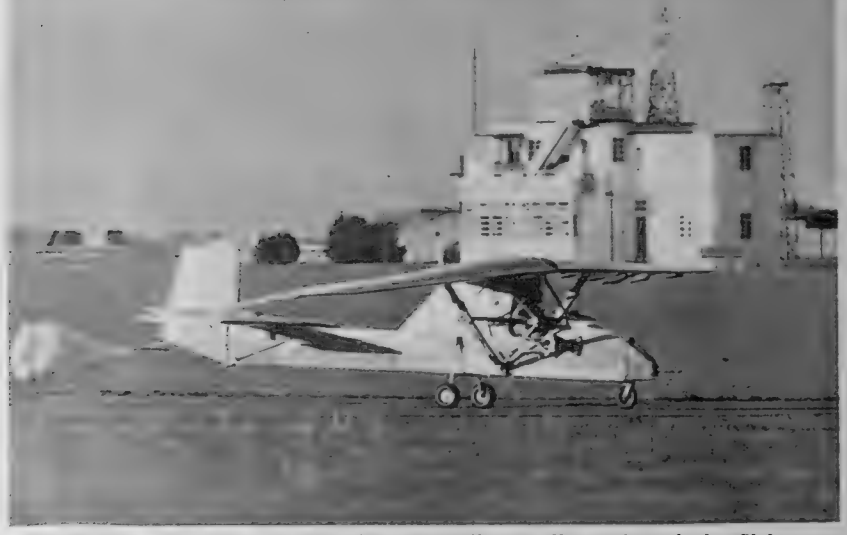
MAN-POWERED FLIGHT

Testing Mr. Hartman's Ornithopter

Taking two years to produce at a cost of £3,000, the ornithopter, designed by Mr. Emiel Hartman, has two feather-like wings which are moved up and down by the pilot utilising handgrips. An elastic suspension system is incorporated so that the wings flap in time with the pilot using a rowing motion. A prolonged series of tests on the ornithopter started at the College of Aeronautics, at Cranfield, to try out its propensities as a glider and its controls. These were carried out, towing the ornithopter behind a car. Mr. Hartman believed he would not be able to lift the craft off the ground by his own exertions, but merely be able to keep it in flight.

In recent months there has been a great increase in interest in man-powered flight, through publicity of the ornithopter and an experimental craft with a fixed inflatable wing designed by Mr. Daniel Perkins, a senior experimental officer at the Royal Aircraft Establishment. This will weigh less than 100 lb. and be propelled by a man using a form of bicycle transmission. Respectability was bestowed on man-powered flight enthusiasts when the Royal Aeronautical Society accepted them as a fully-fledged group of the Society. The race to produce the first man-powered aircraft is complicated by the fact that in 1936 a German version flew 200 yards, but enthusiasts believe that this could not be claimed as a complete success.

ORNITHOPTER IN THE AIR: At the College of Aeronautics, at Cranfield, in Bedfordshire, Mr. Emiel Hartman is towed by a saloon car in his craft, flying about 10 ft. off the ground. It is planned to keep the ornithopter aloft by man-power alone.



ON EARLY TRIALS: Mr. Hartman's ornithopter trails a small parachute during flight tests. *Right*—The craft, with its feather-like wings, takes off as it is towed by a car. The wings are moved up and down by the pilot using a rowing motion.

ESCAPING AN ACCIDENT: *Left*—The ornithopter touches down on two wheels. *Right*—It slews off the runway, scraping its left wing-tip along the ground. The experimental craft was being towed about 30 ft. off the runway when it dived towards the ground. Mr. Hartman managed to level it out just before it hit the runway. The machine, moving at about 40 m.p.h., left deep skid-marks. In spite of the mishap Mr. Hartman was pleased with the performance of his craft and proposed to continue extensive testing.

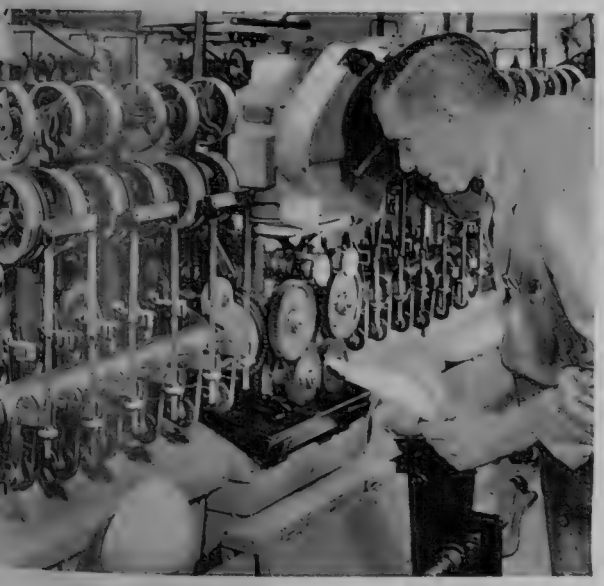
COMPETITION IN ELECTRIC LIGHTING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

WHEN "sealed beam" headlamps for motor-cars were exhibited for the first time at this year's Motor Show, some criticisms were expressed that once again Britain was technically behind the United States. For these lamps—the kind without any separate bulb, in which the whole lamp casing acts as a sealed bulb and a silvered coating inside the lamp behind the filament acts as a reflector—have been offered as standard equipment on American automobiles for some time.

American motorists, on the other hand, might conceivably have room for complaint to-day that their road lighting is not as good as can be had on British roads. For this summer three British manufacturers, with Associated Electrical Industries in the lead by a short head, began to market sodium discharge lamps that achieve an efficiency, in terms of light delivered for electricity consumed, which had long been regarded by illuminating engineers as an almost unattainable ideal. A.E.I.'s new lamps are already lighting experimental stretches of road near Coventry, Leicester and Twickenham: if the decision should ever be taken to light Britain's new motorways, lighting of this increased power might offer a fitting system of illumination.

In any industry where technical progress now depends almost entirely upon the organised research departments of competing companies, as against the inspirations of the amateur or the academic scientist, there is always likely to be a shifting balance of this kind: at any time one company will be ahead in one field, another company (or country) in others. And electric lighting as we know it is the one industry above all others that has been associated with organised industrial research from its beginnings. Technical rivalry between British and American ingenuity goes back to those beginnings, too. Sir Joseph Wilson Swan appears to have devised a practical incandescent electric lamp, with a carbon filament that would last, shortly before Thomas Alva Edison—working at Menlo Park, the world's first organised industrial laboratory—did the same; on the other hand, Edison was ahead in his conception of "the sub-division of light" and the distribution of electricity, from which the whole system of modern electricity supply has been developed. Patent disputes between the two culminated in the foundation of Ediswan (since merged into Siemens-Edison-Swan, itself now part of the A.E.I. group).



The same pattern of competition between British, American—and Continental—technique lies behind various kinds of discharge lamp used in street lighting and the fluorescent lamps developed from them. That an electric current passed through mercury vapour would produce light had been demonstrated by Sir Humphrey Davy early in the nineteenth century; at the end of the century the American Peter Cooper-Hewitt produced a mercury discharge lamp. In the '20's luminescent powders began to be applied to the inside of the bulbs of these discharge lamps, mainly to alter the colour of the light; neon, helium, and in the early '30's sodium began to be used in the lamps, first for advertising signs and later for general outdoor lighting. French, German, and American engineers were ahead at this time.

The fluorescent lamp is a special kind of discharge lamp which puts an electric current through mercury vapour at low pressure primarily to produce ultra-violet rays rather than visible light. The ultra-violet rays, falling on the fluorescent powders inside the tube, make this coating give off white light. America's General Electric Corporation made perhaps the biggest contributions to developing these lamps; Britain's General Electric Company was responsible for the main advances in "hatophosphate" fluorescent powders. The British manufacturers began producing fluorescent lamps in 1939, standardising upon a lamp designed for large-area lighting. War production round the clock in blacked-out conditions, calling for a considerable increase in the artificial lighting required in factories, many of which had formerly worked only one shift and mainly in daylight, did a good deal to introduce these lamps throughout British industry.

In efficiency, a fluorescent lamp is far ahead of any filament lamp, though it cannot match the sodium discharge lamp. The early carbon lamps invented by Swan and Edison produced about 2-3 "lumen" units of light per watt of electricity; a modern gas-filled light bulb produces about 12 per watt; a fluorescent tube produces about 40 per watt. The standard 5-ft. 80-watt fluorescent tube, that is to say, gives more than two-and-a-half times as much light as a 100-watt tungsten filament bulb. Sodium discharge lamps in general use for street lighting, however, produce about 70-80 lumens per watt; and the new ones marketed in Britain this year achieve what used to be considered the almost theoretical "standard" of 100 lumens per watt, so that a 200-watt street lamp produces 20,000 lumens. A fluorescent lamp, again, will last 5,000 hours or more (one type, slightly less efficient as a source of light, lasts 15,000 hours). The mercury and sodium discharge lamps last 4,000-5,000 hours.

AT THE OSRAM LAMP WORKS AT WEMBLEY: On the top floor of the works the components made in other parts of the building are assembled into finished lamps. The machine groups are making domestic lamps at speeds of up to 1,800 per hour. *Left*—The pitch control gears on the filament winding machines are checked. On these complicated machines tungsten wire is coiled into filaments of varying pitch (the distance between the turns).

An ordinary incandescent lamp bulb is made to last a standard 1,000 hours, which is a compromise between efficiency and duration. One gets light by heating tungsten wire, less than two-thousandths of an inch thick, to about 3,000 degrees, not far below its melting point. The hotter the wire, the more efficient the lamp, but also the shorter its life. The cost of replacing bulbs is usually far less than one spends on the electricity to light a lamp: illuminating engineers have a rule of thumb suggesting that when the cost of the electrical energy that would be used over a period comes out at about five to seven times the cost of lamp replacements (reckoned in terms of standard lamp or tube lives) one is getting one's illumination at the minimum cost.

Britain manufactures and buys about 300,000,000 electric lamps of all kinds in a year. Roughly three-fifths of these are "general service" filament lamps; the two other types of lamp produced in the largest numbers are motor lamps of all kinds and flashlamp bulbs. No statistics are published of the number of discharge lamps made; they may still account for less than a tenth of output and sales, counted in numbers of lamps; but their individual value of each is far higher, so that they bulk bigger in the money turnover of the industry. The total value of electric lamps produced in Britain is now about £20,000,000 a year.

Minimum standards of illumination for workshops are laid down by law, and (considerably higher) standards for different kinds of work are recommended for factory designers by the Illuminating Engineering Society—varying, for example, from 5-10 lumens per sq. ft. (of "working surface" 3 ft. from the floor) for fairly rough work to 200 lumens per sq. ft. for minute inspection work. The standards recommended have risen over the years—partly because successive studies have shown the reductions in accidents and increases in efficiency obtainable from workers in better-illuminated conditions, but partly also because the cost of supplying the light desirable has decreased. Illuminating engineers are fortunate in advising on the use of two commodities of which the "real" price (i.e., compared with the general cost of living) has steadily gone down—electricity and electric lamps.

The relative reduction in lamp costs has been the result of techniques making possible very rapid production in the huge quantities required. The two "ribbon" machines that produce glass bulbs for lamp manufacture at Glass Bulbs Ltd., Harworth, owned by G.E.C. and B.T.H., can turn them out at 700 a minute each, offering a total annual capacity of some 450,000,000 bulbs a year; and though production of fluorescent tubes is far less mechanised, here, too, techniques of quantity production are steadily being developed.

According to a recent estimate, the 15,000,000 households in Britain may have, on average, just over a dozen lighting points each, which means not far short of 200,000,000 bulbs liable to be switched on at any time in homes alone: industry and commerce have many millions more. Lighting consultants would like houses to have considerably more lighting points, and to use a larger number of occasional lights from the "power" points; and the householder's own interest in having more light can be gauged from the fact that the average lamp now bought for domestic use is nearly 100 watts, as against the 60 watts of the '30's. Better lighting in the home is one of the most visible signs of our improving standards of living. If the general standard of design of electric light fittings displayed abilities in any way comparable to the technical talent that has gone into designing the light sources now housed in mediocre fittings and shades, one feels that the improvement might proceed faster.

AN ELECTRONIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Britain's first experimental electronic telephone exchange was introduced at a Press conference at the Post Office Research Station, Dollis Hill, London, last week. In the picture Dr. J. N. Aldington (right), group managing director of Siemens-Edison-Swan Ltd., shows equipment manufactured by his company to the Postmaster-General, Mr. R. Bevins. Extreme left is Sir Thomas Eades, chairman of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Co. Ltd. The electronic exchange, it is hoped, will be installed at Highgate Wood within the next two years. Occupying less space than standard equipment, the new exchange should also reduce costs. In the production of the experimental apparatus, five manufacturers formed a research committee with the Post Office.

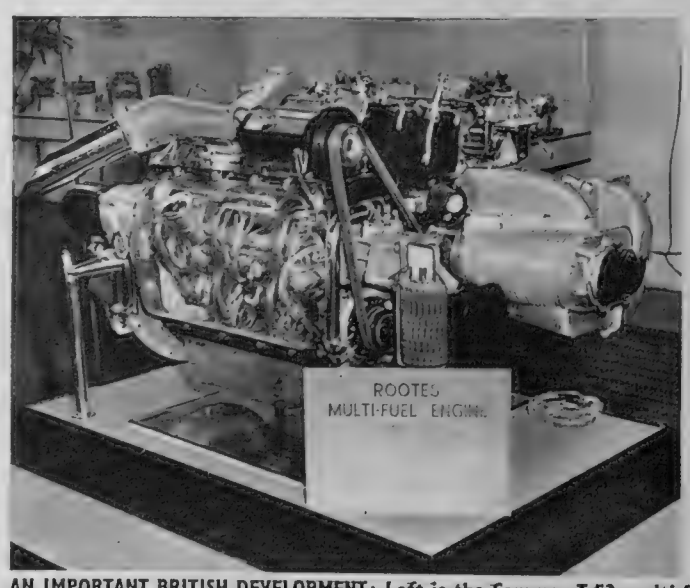
THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE INSTITUTE OF DIRECTORS

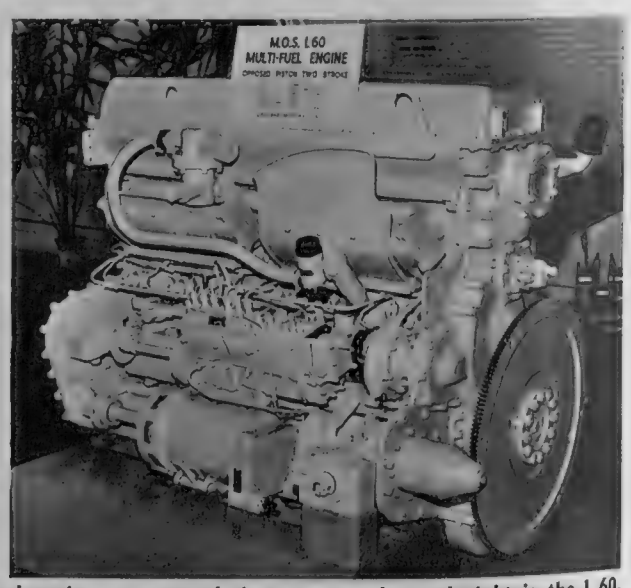
The Institute of Directors held their annual conference at the Festival Hall, London, on November 5. About 3,000 members of the Institute attended. *Left* is Lord Chandos, President of the Institute, making his speech which dealt with take-over bids in industry, with politics, the trade unions and other matters. On take-over bids he considered legislation would be a mistake and that the responsibility for advising shareholders, the market and the investing public on the issues involved in any bid should continue to be the responsibility of the directors concerned. Lord Chandos refuted the Labour Party's accusation that the Institute of Directors was a political body. In making known its views on nationalisation, he said, the Institute was merely protecting the interests of its members. *Right* is Sir Alexander Fleck, Chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, who also spoke at the conference. He urged an intelligent follow-up of the Conservatives' election victory and devoted much of his speech to forward-looking industrial policies. Sir Alexander, emphasising the value of good relations between employer and employee, advocated profit-sharing schemes. Other speakers at the Festival Hall conference were Mr. H. F. Oppenheimer, Chairman of the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa Ltd., and Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who is Chief of the Defence Staff.

MULTI-FUEL ENGINES: *Left*—Mr. Christopher Soames, the Secretary of State for War, is at the wheel of a Land-Rover with the Rover multi-fuel engine at the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment. On the roof of the vehicle are tanks containing diesel and petrol fuel. *Right*—An AEC AV 690 multi-fuel engine is tested in a hot chamber simulating conditions in tropical countries.

AN ADVANCE IN I/C ENGINES

At the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment at Chertsey, Surrey, last week Mr. Christopher Soames, the Secretary of State for War, opened a demonstration and exhibition of multi-fuel engines. The development was shown to representatives of Commonwealth and NATO countries and of industry. The engine, which runs on a wide variety of fuels, was pioneered in Germany but Britain claims to be the first country to develop the multi-fuel engine specifically for military purposes. Designed in the first place for armoured vehicles, the multi-fuel engine will in the future be installed in all vehicles in operational units. The engine, it was stated, is ahead of anything similar in the world. With the fuel economy of the standard diesel engine, the multi-fuel engine has a power-weight ratio comparable to that of a petrol engine. It was shown at the Establishment how the normal commercial diesel could be easily developed to work on different kinds of fuel.

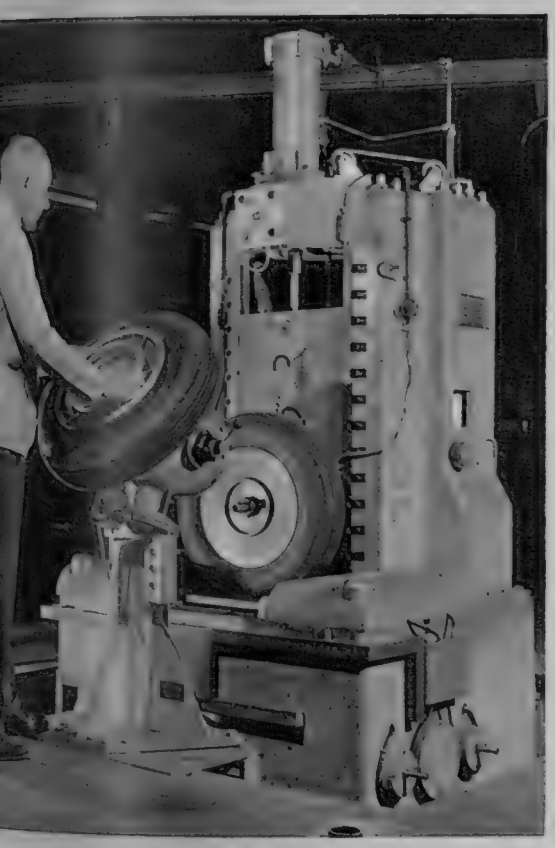




AN IMPORTANT BRITISH DEVELOPMENT: *Left* is the Commer T.53 multi-fuel engine, an opposed-piston two-stroke, and *right* is the L.60, also an opposed-piston two-stroke, developed for the Ministry of Supply by Leyland Motors Ltd. The engines run equally well on diesel fuel, gas-turbine fuel or high-octane petrol, or a mixture of these. They were developed primarily for military vehicles.

LAUNCHES FOR HONG KONG WATERS

Left is the 78-ft.-long police patrol boat for service in Hong Kong waters, which was built at the Singapore Yard of John I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd. It was one of three fast launches which have been added to the fleet of Government craft operating in Hong Kong waters for the purpose of suppressing the extensive traffic in illegal immigrants, strategic materials and contraband. The other two new boats are used by the Preventive Service of the Department of Commerce and Industry. All of them are 78 ft. long, with a beam of 15 ft. and a draught of approximately 4 ft. 6 ins., and they are designed to possess good sea-keeping qualities in the typhoon season of high winds and heavy seas round Hong Kong. The propelling machinery consists of a triple installation of Thornycroft-Rover "Meteorite" diesel engines, each having a maximum b.h.p. of 275. Running on the centre engine alone, the boats attain a speed of 10 knots; on two engines the speed reaches 14½ knots, and with three, over 19½ knots at maximum rating over limited periods. The launches can stay at sea from three to four days, cruising at 11 knots for 500 miles, or at about 14 knots for 360 miles. Great attention was paid to the accommodation facilities to minimise the discomfort of the tropical climate and with this in view generous ventilation is provided.



INSPECTING TYRES

A new series of exhaustive tests is now given to Dunlop tyres at the tyre inspection department at Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, opened in July of this year. *Left*—A new machine is tried out for detecting any variation in the mechanical properties of the tyres. *Right*—Tyres arrive from the production departments, where they undergo a thorough preliminary visual testing. The new department is fitted with conveyor belts to cut down the time spent in manual handling. It is staffed by about 100 inspectors who examine 95,000 tyres a week. In order that quick preventive action may be taken during manufacture, an elaborate control room has been set up to transmit information. The records which come in from the inspectors are analysed statistically and the results displayed on a large board. This is photographed at intervals during the day and the rapidly developed prints are circulated to the departments concerned.

Watched by police officials and spectators, a huge absorber column, 117 ft. long, is manœuvred round a corner during its journey across Blackheath. The vessel, which has an overall diameter of 9 ft. 4 ins., and weighs 90 tons, was manufactured at Greenwich by G. A. Harvey and Co. (London) Ltd., for Woodall Duckham Construction Co. Ltd. The absorber column was on its way to the Isle of Grain to be installed at the Oil Gasification Plant of the South-Eastern Gas Board.

It was the first of two absorber columns, designed to have a working pressure of 30 atmospheres and embodied in the high-pressure CO_2 removal plant at the Isle of Grain works.

AN ABSORBER COLUMN TRANSPORTED BY ROAD

The World of Books

ALONE IN THE AIR

An Autobiography of a Test Pilot; Memories of a Publisher; Animals in Paraguay; a Cotswold Village 30 Years Ago; Groucho Marx by Himself; Other Autobiographies; and "Lolita"

TO be the test pilot of a great firm of commercial aeroplane designers is, if one comes to think of it, a position of singular importance, for which a man must be given complete confidence, backing and encouragement and in which, on his week-to-week round of hazards, he risks his reputation and his life time after time. It is a job for a man who must, demonstrably, start with experience and increase that experience all the time in the most hazardous way in the world. There have been novels about such men—one recent American one, *The Big X*, was admirable—but there have been far too few factual, personal stories about them. Now we have one called SENT FLYING (Macdonald. 21s.) and it is a beauty. This is the autobiography of Mr. Bill Pegg, Chief Test Pilot for a great aircraft company; a man who joined the R.A.F. as an apprentice at the age of fifteen and who became a squadron mechanic before he got his wings. In 1935 he resigned his commission to become test pilot at the Bristol Aeroplane Company and since then he has been identified with the testing and development of such war-winning types as the Blenheim bomber, the Bristol Beaufighter and since the war with the great Brabazon, or Flying Skyscraper, and the Britannia. His has been, and continues to be, a life of more than normal tension, of dedication and of discoveries which, in their twentieth-century way, have a lot of the Raleigh spirit about them.

From the active to the contemplative life, with the first volume of a publisher's autobiography. THE ANTE-ROOM (Macmillan. 21s.) traces the early stages of the literary life of Mr. Lovat Dickson, who spent his childhood and young manhood in Australia, in Rhodesia and in Canada, chiefly in mining towns, with his gifted but not invariably fortunate father, and whose training was as remote from the world of letters as it is possible to imagine. But this was the world on which the author based all his hopes and when he landed in England at the age of twenty-five he was determined to find an entry to it either as a writer or in some capacity which would serve literature.

Within five years from then he had edited two famous literary journals and had established his own publishing house but the present book recounts only the years which led up to that apotheosis and the final chapter shows him landing at Dover in a mood of exaltation, longing to get to grips with his chosen work and reflecting that "Byron and Shelley had come this way. Wordsworth returning from Belgium, the Brownings coming back from Italy, Dickens returning from France. . . ." Mr. Dickson has given a fairly clear if emotional picture of the moulding of a lonely boy's ambition and it will be diverting to read the next volume of his saga and to note how close the dreams came to reality. As it is, the start, offered to him by a mining tycoon, is as romantically conceived an opening to a career as I can recall.

ZOO QUEST IN PARAGUAY (Butterworth. 18s.) is a personal memoir of a very different kind, being Mr. David Attenborough's account of a recent mission to South America in search of armadillos. The expedition was sponsored by the B.B.C. and although Mr. Attenborough, distinguished animal-collector, broadcaster and *raconteur*, found his armadillos and discovered a great deal about them that had sounded fabulous and turned out to be fact, he also met a variety of other animals and birds, all of them described in lively terms. The photographs, some of them in vivid colour, are excellent and the whole book as entertaining and as suitable for the imaginative young as for their more sober elders.

Mr. Attenborough writes of the exotic; Mr. Laurie Lee of the placidly rural. His book, CIDER WITH ROSIE (Hogarth Press. 18s.), is a series of magically-evoked memories of an English community between thirty and forty years ago, tucked away in a little Cotswold valley and as remote from progress or from the stirring changes of the times as if it had been Cloud Cuckoo Land. But, as Mr. Lee describes it, this was Cloud Cuckoo Land on a properly earthy basis, where the country sights and smells might be ravishing to a child but where there was also school to be faced; where a woman might mysteriously be drowned in a pond and where the local branch of a chain grocers could be the rallying point of the gossips. It is both a sensitive and a robust book, exquisitely illustrated, memorable and completely unsensational.

The two American books of reminiscence which follow are alien to this in every sense of the word. GROUCHO AND ME (Gollancz. 21s.), to begin with, is the autobiography of that splendid comic character, Mr. Groucho Marx, one of the inimitable Marx Brothers who, I was mildly surprised to learn, numbered five and not four originally. Groucho, Harpo, Chico, Zeppo and Gummo were the sons of a modest tailor and his wife in the Yorkville district of New York. From one point of view their lives were united, which is to say that there was a very real family feeling among them all. From another, it was scrappy, hazardous and as tough as the fight for survival dictated. The boys went into vaudeville early on and learned to carry blackjacks which took the place of more formal contracts. They worked out a number of acts, unhampered by tradition, and one of them, Julius, later Groucho, Marx, became a contributor to the early issues of the *New Yorker*.

When they fetched up, logically enough, in Hollywood, they were lucky enough to meet the one man who understood their potential and the Marx Brothers' films resulted, the films that gave their fans a new interpretation of the zany side of humour. In this book Groucho tells his own story, something of his family's, gives a brisk account of the vaudeville and the musical comedy stage, the business of raising money for productions, rehearsing and playing and the small affair of filming four smash hits in a line. He is factual, exact, reminiscent, not excessively nostalgic and about as funny as a comedian, in the spoken or the written word, can be. Apart from that I cannot think of one reason why you should buy or even borrow (though I deprecate the latter activity) *Groucho and Me*. It couldn't be because it is unique, could it?

"TAUT SHEETS": The painting by Montague Dawson of yachts racing off the west of the Isle of Wight is one of the 273 exhibits at the fourteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Marine Artists at Guildhall in the City of London. The Exhibition closes to-day (November 21). It was opened on October 21 by Sir Bernard Docker, a vice-president of the Society. Montague Dawson's work needs no introduction to readers of "The Sphere." A painting by him depicting a ship under sail in the Atlantic 100 years ago is reproduced in the 1959 "Sphere" Christmas Number, which is now available.

SUCH IS LIFE (Hammond. 12s. 6d.) is something else again and I must admit I found it a fairly grim affair. Mrs. Jeanne Perkins Harman has written about the intramural activities in a big news-and-pictures magazine such as *Life*. She has worked there herself and, like a certain Oxford luminary, what she doesn't know isn't knowledge. She has written candidly and, one supposes, factually and the result is enough to make the hair stand up even on Yul Brynner's head. The fact remains that both *Time* and *Life* are brilliant achievements in the magazine world, that each of them when it started was the result of a totally original idea and that they are fantastic money-spinners. I'd just rather not know through what agonies of composition, re-writing, olympian editing and other jungle passes all the material, together with its writers and researchers must go. But I did wholly enjoy the story about one high executive who bought himself a Cadillac and put it down on his expense sheet as "transportation."

If one can lightly say that a description of a couple of high-powered magazines has its moments of pure horror, one must invent a totally new word for a book as poignant as Mr. Lajos Ruff's THE BRAIN-WASHING MACHINE (Robert Hale. 16s.), for this is a young Hungarian's account of imprisonment under the Communist regime and a fifteen-year sentence which included incarceration in a lunatic asylum. At the time of the Hungarian revolution Mr. Ruff escaped, made his way to the West and spent some months in the United States where he testified before a special Senate committee on brain-washing methods and on his own political experience as an underground worker against the regime. He now lives in Vienna where he is the Austrian correspondent of an American newspaper and he is also studying philosophy at the University.

Finally, here is LOLITA (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) at last. One fact is certain and that is that Mr. Vladimir Nabokov writes very well indeed and I hope he will long continue to do so. His theme here, for those who are not yet informed, is the infatuation of a middle-aged and married man for his twelve-year-old stepdaughter, an infatuation of which she is perfectly aware and which, shall we say, she does nothing to discourage. For myself, I find the subject distasteful in the highest degree and, in spite of Mr. Nabokov's mastery of the English language, boring rather than shocking.

Vernon Fane

THE THEATRE IN THE 'TWENTIES

Macqueen-Pope's Survey of London Shows

TO anyone hovering round the fifties, who has, into the bargain, a life-long love of the living theatre, W. Macqueen-Pope's latest book is an obvious choice. THE FOOTLIGHTS FLICKERED (Herbert Jenkins. 25s.) makes nostalgic reading. Here "Popie," to put him in his true perspective, tells the story of the theatre in London in the 1920's. There will be many who dispute the claim that this was a vintage period in theatrical history, but not, one would hazard, the staunch fifty-year-olds who discovered such magic in those days and nights. To give a few instances: there were the young Charles Laughton in *The Silver Tassie*; the even younger Frank Lawton in *Young Woodley*; Matheson Lang in *Such Men are Dangerous*; Gladys Cooper, Yvonne Arnaud, George Robey (even trying his hand at Shakespeare). All lent distinction to this period. The list is endless, and Macqueen-Pope, touching here and there upon one enchanting evening after another, revives for many of us the most delightful memories. Let every fifty-year-old pay his penny and take his choice, one for *The Playboy of the Western World*, another for *Milestones*, and a third for *The Beloved Vagabond*. Let no one say that this was not an important decade in the history of the theatre.

Drama has always surrounded the American Presidency, as it must always surround great offices of state; the rise to power and the maintenance of authority inevitably take us out of placid waters. John and Alice Durant have combined in prose and photography to produce a remarkable PICTORIAL HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRESIDENTS (Thomas Yoseloff. 50s.). They have carried out their task with just that touch of behind-the-scenes reporting that gives a spice to history. They also allow us to sense the peculiarities, foibles and whims of those who in the course of time have been called upon to preside over the destinies of the United States of America. Some Presidents are immortals, Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln are obvious examples. Others are awaiting the verdict of history, such as the two Roosevelts, Wilson and Truman. The authors have not involved themselves in difficulties in the political field, and have been interesting and tactful in their approach to their various subjects.

Mankind cannot boast a very clear conscience in regard to its attitude towards wild life, and only in very recent years have ideas on conservation gained any considerable ground. With the construction of the Kariba Dam across the Zambesi, creating what will be by 1963 one of the largest man-made lakes in the world, a new crisis has arisen for the animal kingdom. As the floodwaters have spread across forest, plain and jungle a host of creatures from the insect to the elephant have been forced to retreat in bewildered confusion. Many of them at first have made for the temporary islands created on the higher ground. The entrapped animals had then either to swim to the mainland or to remain awaiting death from starvation and drowning. Such would have been their fate but for the untiring efforts of the game rangers, assisted by a handful of volunteers.

From island to island the rescuers have gone about their work loading their boats with living cargoes of buck, baboons, snakes and wart hogs, all of them made frantic, and some of them made doubly dangerous by terror of the rising tide. Two new books have appeared simultaneously telling this remarkable story of animal rescue. They are Charles Lagus' OPERATION NOAH (William Kimber. 21s.), and ANIMAL DUNKIRK (Herbert Jenkins. 21s.), by Eric Robins and Ronald Legge. Both volumes are remarkable for excellent photography. Eric Robins and Ronald Legge are journalists who worked together in Fleet Street twenty-five years ago. Their chance meeting in Africa has led to an excellent piece of collaboration, and their account gives a rather

ALANBROOKE II

Even an expert could not estimate the value and contents of an important book at a single reading, much less "review" it in 300 words. Let me confess that *The Turn of the Tide* left me doubting whether that book had not been published too soon (as in my opinion scores of official biographies and memoirs are published, and claimed to be definitive, long before vital and corrective archives are disclosed). That first volume left me doubting also whether Alanbrooke's reputation had, by its publication, been enhanced by the disclosures of his frequent clashes with Churchill and the Americans. An impression of petulance and self-justification was left behind in my mind. Since then, many men with the best claim to know have convinced me of the quality of Alanbrooke, and convinced me, too, that the genius of Churchill carried us to victory only by its happy (and sometimes unhappy) marriage with the restraining and strategic wisdom of Alanbrooke. Nevertheless, how could he justify keeping a diary at all during those frightful years of strain and loss of sleep?

TRIUMPH IN THE WEST (Collins. 30s.) convinces me broadly of Alanbrooke's military and political wisdom in world strategy, excuses his petulance as intolerable strain and his self-justification as integrity; and, since the face of genius is always marked with the warts of little weaknesses, it leaves Churchill where the victory in the West put him. Nelson's faults have, after all, been aired for one and a half centuries, but never has he been dethroned as our greatest sailor. If *all* his brother-generals acknowledged the loyalty, the integrity, the wisdom of Alanbrooke, that is a test of a great soldier's character and ability which should satisfy a civilian. None the less, there is cause for questioning whether Alanbrooke fully appreciated the coming significance of the A-bomb in war strategy and also whether, had his obstinate determination to prolong the under-belly thrust succeeded in postponing longer the Normandy invasion, the flying bombs might not have impeded its build-up and affected national morale.

ASSIGNMENTS GALORE

The average man of moderate ability is lucky if in the course of his life two or three jobs come his way and he manages to hold them down. Those for whom such assignments fall like ripe plums all the years round are few. They may be modest men, but they cannot be diffident or thin-skinned. For in truth jobs seldom fall like ripe plums. The orchard must be invaded, the trees climbed, the branches shaken. Such men must be ready to pack a bag at a moment's notice for any place on earth, must steel their hearts to attend every function and seize the lapel and the ear of every patron; and they must switch their enthusiasm instantly to a new job and work at it like fanatics. In David Boyle's WITH ARDOURS MANIFOLD (Hutchinson. 25s.) we see such a rarity at work. He had all Creevey's trick of being an eye-witness of historic events and perhaps sometimes his enthusiasm and zest exaggerate a little their importance and his own contribution to their effects. The "purple thread" which linked Victoria to Elizabeth II and wound itself about him, caught up many of his contemporaries not much more obliquely, and perhaps he overrates the importance of his last-minute assignment when the Prince of Wales (Edward VIII) visited America in 1919. Perhaps, too, some of the letters quoted from leading men are of not much importance and reveal no intimacy. But his lively book packs a vast amount of travelling, viewing, advising and report-writing and will give pleasure to all who like to see the 'ooves of the 'osses from a chink under the big top. Unquestionably he worked immensely hard for and at his many assignments, and with the aid of copious records, he has written an autobiography bright to the last page. "O wud some gift the Giftie gi'e us. . . ." Alas! when the Giftie obliges, some of us have not the temerity to publish our memoirs.

John Gore

fuller picture of the operation on the Zambesi than that of Mr. Lagus, who will be remembered as the producer of the widely-acclaimed television film *Kariba*, and who here gives a first-hand account of all that he saw. His book is published in association with the appeal of the Fauna Preservation Society.

What a joy to behold is THE SATURDAY BOOK (Hutchinson. 30s.), of which John Hadfield now presents edition No. 19. Encased in a handsome box with a Bacchanalian illustration, matching the Bacchanalian dustjacket, it is as full of good things as ever. It is really hard to know what to pick out for mention, so diverse is the fare. Olive Cook's disquisition on "Saturday Painters," Sir Ralph Richardson and the Bishop of Coventry among them, is of special interest. Mary Eden writes on "The Philosophy of the Bath," showing how it has been wooed and scorned from century to century.

FAMOUS PUCCINI OPERAS (Robert Hale. 35s.) is the second book in Spike Hughes' operatic series. This analytical guide for the opera-goer and armchair listener is designed as a companion to the new Puccini recordings issued in 1958, and coincides with the hundredth anniversary of the composer's birth.

R. C. E.

MARIA CALLAS IN AMERICA: *Left*—The noted opera singer sings the role of Lucia in Donizetti's opera *Lucia di Lammermoor*. She is dressed in the bridal robes, worn in the second act. The performance marked the opening of the Civic Opera in Dallas, Texas. *Right*—Maria Callas bows to the audience at her first U.S. recital of the season, in Kansas City. During the concert, she was told that there was a rumour that a bomb had been planted under the stage. The theatre was cleared for half an hour while police searched the auditorium. She returned to the platform to finish her programme when it was found that the scare was a hoax. Among those present at the concert were Mr. and Mrs. Harry S. Truman and the Governor of Kansas, Mr. George Docking.

MARIA CALLAS ON TOUR IN AMERICA—A NEW COMEDY IN LONDON

A COMEDY OF MARRIAGE: John Clements as Paul Delville and Kay Hammond as his wife, Content, are happy again after various tribulations and an early-morning snack in the kitchen. The scene occurs in the first act of *The Marriage-Go-Round*, by the American author, Leslie Stevens, which is running at the Piccadilly Theatre, in London. The comedy turns a lecture on monogamy into a humorous study of lecturers caught in the pitfalls of their own jargon. The main characters are Mr. and Mrs. Delville, a Professor of Cultural Anthropology and a Dean of Women at an American university. A beautiful girl from Sweden—Katrin, played by Angela Brown—arrives in their home. Having heard that Paul Delville is a great anthropologist, she has decided that she should make him the father of her child. Her advent leads to considerable marital complications. The only other character, an understanding friend of the wife, is played by John Arnatt. An ingenious revolving set, which was designed by Hutchinson Scott, adds to the charm of the evening. *The Marriage-Go-Round* is directed by Robert Helpmann.

RESCUING A CAR FROM THE WATERS OF AN AMSTERDAM CANAL: *Left*—Members of the fire brigade of the Dutch city attach a block and tackle to the rear bumper. *Right*—The car is hauled out using a mobile crane. Space in the streets running alongside the canals is so restricted that cars have to be parked diagonally very close to the edge (as seen in the picture *on left*). In many instances the front wheels are within a few inches of the bank. In this situation a slight error on the part of the driver may easily mean that the car dives into the water. On average this has happened twice a week in Amsterdam alone and, during 1958, 712 cars fell into Holland's canals. The Amsterdam Fire Brigade run a service of special patrol cars along the canals and with the aid of a mobile crane vehicles are pulled out of the water at a cost of about £4 each.

ESCAPING FROM A CAR UNDERWATER

The Method Employed by Dutch Instructors

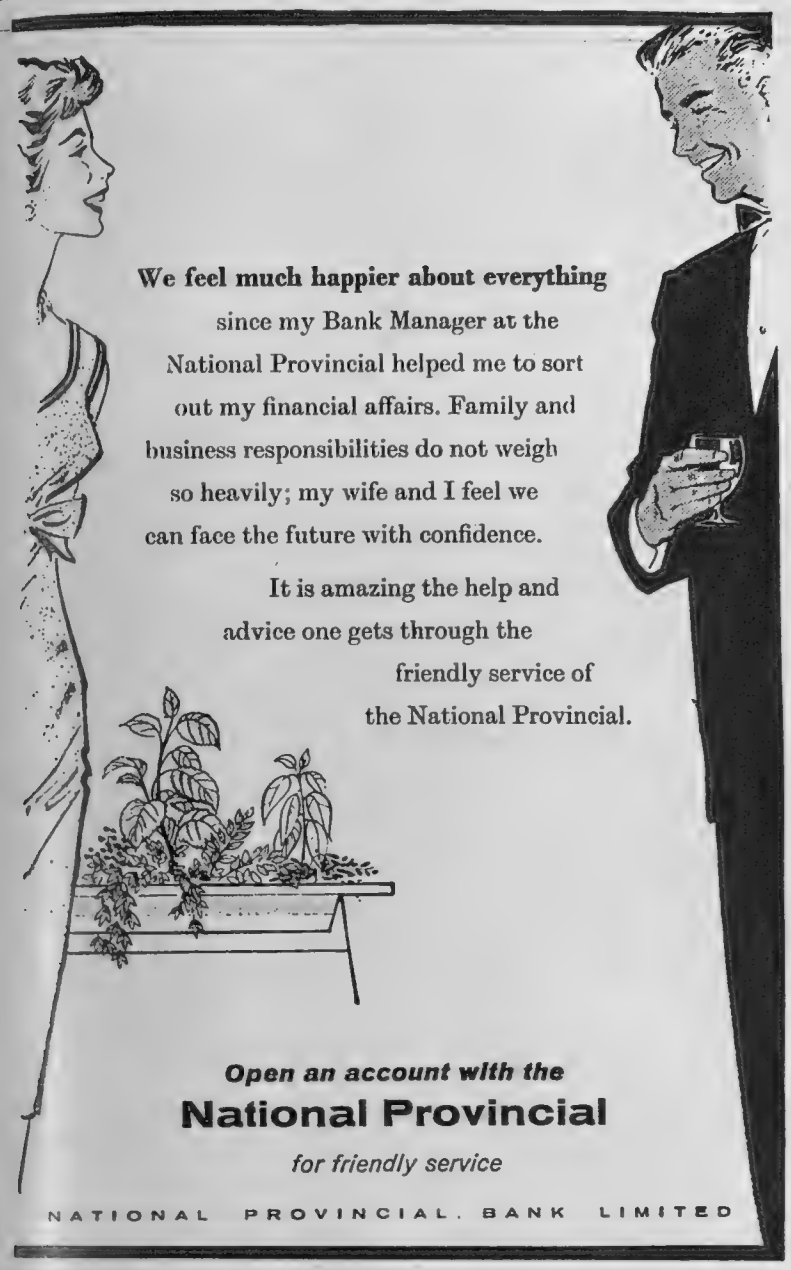
In five swimming-pools in various cities in Holland, the Dutch Association for Assistance for Drowning Persons has organised lessons in specially-built mock-up cabins. Using these, instructors can teach pupils what to do if they are trapped in a car which has plunged into a canal. On average this happens twice a week in Amsterdam alone, since the parking space along the canal banks is constricted and vehicles are habitually parked within a few inches of the canal side. In 1958, a total of 712 cars fell into Holland's canals.

The lessons emphasise that the most important problem is a psychological one; it is necessary to remain calm and not attempt to open the car door immediately. The instructor first takes the pupil through the procedure on dry land. Then the pupil enters the cabin, which is pulled into the deep water of the swimming-pool. As the water rises inside the cabin, a small bubble of air is trapped under the roof. Even though the water may reach the pupil's lips, he or she may remain unharmed for up to ten minutes by keeping her head in this bubble. After about five minutes, when the water's turbulence has subsided and the pressure inside and outside the car is equalised, it is possible to open the car door. It is emphasised during the lessons that the most important thing is to keep calm and to wait. Many people have died, instinctively struggling to open the door immediately and exhausting their strength.

According to statistics, in 75 per cent. of accidents, cars land the right way up in the water, in which case the method described above may be used. Drivers are told by the Dutch Association for Assistance for Drowning Persons, that if they are running into a canal it is of help to accelerate. They then have a better chance of landing upright. Also in dangerous conditions —in fog or on slippery roads—it is better to keep all windows closed, so that if the car does plunge into the water, more air will be trapped inside.

LEARNING TO ESCAPE: The Dutch Association for Assistance for Drowning Persons gives lessons to teach people what to do if they are trapped in a car underwater. *Left*—At a swimming-pool in Delft, an instructor explains the procedure to a pupil. *Centre*—Inside the cabin the instructor shows how far the water can rise. *Right*—In the submerged cabin, the pupil and instructor stretch upwards to find the bubble of air trapped under the cabin roof.

THE RIGHT METHOD: *Left*—Having waited for five to ten minutes inside the car to allow the turbulence to subside, the instructor shows that the car door can now be opened. *Right*—He helps the pupil to escape from the submerged cabin. The pupils are taught to use the bubble of air trapped inside the cabin and to wait for a few minutes, and thus to be able to open the car door.



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RESTORING A MONET: In a New York warehouse, Mrs. Caroline K. Kleck uses an ultra-violet lamp to look for possible flaws in the restoration work on a water-lily painting by the French Impressionist. The picture, which consists of three panels, each 6½ ft. by 14 ft., has been acquired by the New York Museum of Modern Art. It replaces another Monet water-lily painting which was destroyed in a fire eighteen months ago. The new acquisition was damaged during bombing in the last war when it was in Monet's studio in Giverney, France, where after his death in 1926 his unsold work remained. Claude Monet spent his later years in Giverney, where he devoted a great deal of his time to studying his garden in its seasonal changes. He painted a series of pictures of the garden, including many of its water-lily pond.

RESTORATION, MURALS AND A PORTRAIT

Work in New York, London, Cookham and Brussels

A MURAL AT COOKHAM: Standing on a table, Sir Stanley Spencer works on his mural "Christ Talking with People at Cookham Regatta" in his studio at Cookham, Berkshire. The mural measures 20 ft. by 6½ ft. and Sir Stanley has been working on it intermittently for two years. The artist estimates that it will be finished in about eighteen months' time. Born in Cookham in 1891, Sir Stanley is among Britain's leading painters. His works are in public galleries in most large cities throughout the British Isles, and in leading galleries abroad.

On left—

IN A FRENCH CHURCH IN LONDON: Jean Cocteau, the French poet and artist, sketches a figure in the mural he is doing for the Church of Notre Dame de France, in Leicester Place, London. The mural consists of three parts. The central panel, behind the altar, depicts "Our Lady at the Foot of the Cross," measuring about 18 ft. by 9 ft. To the right of it is a panel, roughly 9 ft. square, of the "Assumption of Our Lady" and to the left of it a panel, of the same size, depicting "The Annunciation to Our Lady."

A CZECH ARTIST AT WORK ON A PORTRAIT: Oskar Kokoschka, the Czechoslovak artist and writer, is engaged on his painting of Sir Stanley Unwin, the publisher. The painter was one of a group of artists who struggled earlier this century to establish a free art in Germany. His works are included in an exhibition, showing the group's work entitled "Art in Revolt—Germany, 1905-1925" at the Marlborough Fine Art Gallery, in London. Kokoschka is at present engaged on several portraits and on views of the Thames from Shell Mex House.

A BELGIAN MURAL: Isette Gabriels, a Belgian painter, works on a fresco on the walls of the Benelux Hall in the new Palais de Congrès, in central Brussels. The design of the fresco is by the Belgian artist Paul Delvaux. Measuring 157 ft. long by 13 ft. high, the mural, completed recently, is entitled "Earthly Paradise." The Palais de Congrès was built for the Brussels Exhibition.

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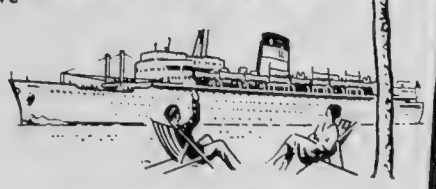

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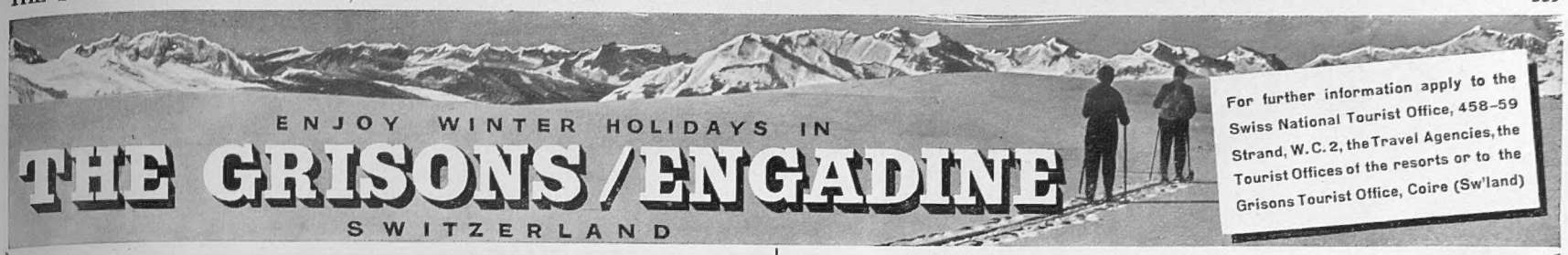

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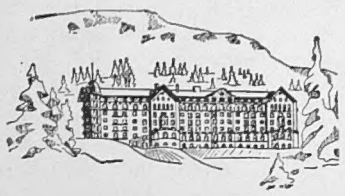

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NORTHWARD BOUND! The new London to Birmingham motorway is open. Other road developments are on their way, but with Doncaster and other bottlenecks still a menace to modern-day motoring, the quest of quiet highways is as absorbing a subject as "In quest of good hotels."

I write from Harrogate, where I have just handed out to some hotel acquaintances the route we shall take southward bound, by-passing Doncaster. It is relatively free from industrial traffic and road hogs and is only 14 miles further to London than the recognised Great North Road itinerary.

Northward bound we took an even more leisurely circuit which we particularly commend to overseas visitors to Britain.

Getting out of London by road these days is almost as exhausting as getting around the West End, so we plotted to drive out some 36 miles the night before and thus make a fresh start the next morning.

Heading for Dunstable on the A.5 our objective was the small village of Ivinghoe, where the green and the church provide the perfect setting for a village inn.

To this relatively tucked-away spot, gastronomes flock nightly from miles around to the King's Head Hotel, and in a cosy L-shaped restaurant we dined and wined in a way that soon obliterated the discomforts of our exit from London. A worthy recipient of the A.A. Rosette for good food, Mrs. Barbara Mainey, the inn's proprietress, and her staff, have our grateful thanks for a memorable meal and a good night's sleep.

Heading north our route took us through Linslade, Bletchley and Fenny Stratford, where we crossed the A.5, left Woburn Abbey on our right and came to Newport Pagnell, only a mile or so off that new great motorway, London-Birmingham. Here will be found a good understanding of food and wine at The Swan Revived.

The day was still young—we had other Swans in mind further on, so steering a north-easterly course we passed through Olney, Wellingborough and joined the A.6 at Kettering. From here it was but 11 miles to our luncheon objective, The Three Swans at Market Harborough.

Drive into the courtyard of this old hostelry expectantly, but arrive early as we did, as otherwise you may be crowded out. Another very worthy recipient of the A.A. Rosette, one can have here a 10s. *table d'hôte* or *à la carte* meal which would be hard to fault.

The roast pork we chose, from a varied choice, was the tenderest we have ever tasted, and the Stilton, being on its home ground, was reaching the height of its perfection. This old inn, so charmingly and tactfully modernised, is a great credit to Flower and Sons Ltd., the Stratford-upon-Avon brewers, and to their able manager, Mr. L. H. Lambert.

A good halting place always, and though the A.6 is noisy at night, most of The Three Swans' eleven bedrooms are in the rear of the house.

Leaving the A.6 as quickly as possible, we motored on through hunting country of undisturbed bliss and through Melton Mowbray and Grantham we reached our goal for the night—The White Hart at Lincoln, an hotel which so generally wins the plaudits of overseas visitors. Apart from its great comfort and high standards, it is always a pleasure to meet so many long-service staff. Arthur and Eric, the hotel porters; John, the head waiter; his staff, as well as the head receptionist, are personalities who recall the personal whims and fancies of their patrons.

Thus we were allotted the same bedroom with bath as on a previous visit and the same table in the handsome restaurant.

A quiet pitch in the shadow of a noble cathedral, nothing now disturbs the still watches of the night, the cathedral clock chimes are silent from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m.

Our congratulations to the White Hart's directorate and general manager, Mr. G. H. Townend, for maintaining such high standards of hospitality.

From here to Harrogate the accepted route lies through Gainsborough, Bawtry and Doncaster, but be well advised and shun these landmarks.

Taking the Bawtry road out of Gainsborough make for Misterton, Haxey, turn left for Blaxton and then head north for Thorne, Snaith and Selby. The countryside is dull, you will meet a percentage of heavy traffic but it is a route infinitely preferable to the Great North Road, and even if such disadvantages could be discounted, Selby Abbey and Monk Fryston Hall (7 miles beyond on the Leeds road) are rewards in themselves. Do not fail to enter this lovely Abbey, for one does not have to be a student in ecclesiastical architecture to admire the Norman archways and the delicate tracery of the stained glass.

Few visitors will know it, but Monk Fryston Hall, now an hotel, was once the Manor House of the Abbey and still retains much of its historic antecedents, plus all the modern improvements of a first-class hotel.

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